Dec.
'49 8354

"EASY TO HURT"

A Joan Crawford Story By Ruth Biery

ADVANCE COPY

Silver Screen

10¢ IN CANADA 15 CENTS

NOVEMBER

NRA MEMBER U.S.

WE DO OUR PART



A Kiss From
Claudette Colbert

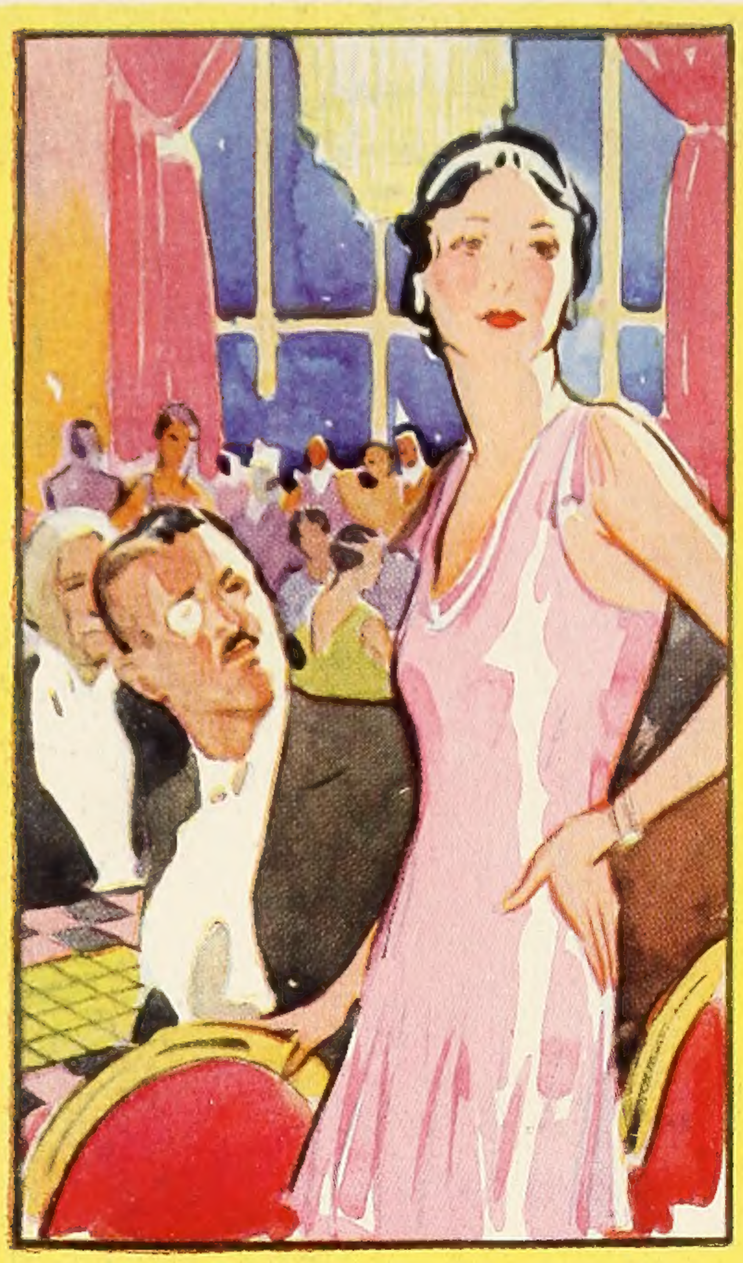
JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE 1933

WHAT A PICTURE!

Jean Harlow's "Bombshell"

By Elizabeth Wilson

PN 1993
.S57



In France...

In Deauville, Paris and the other famous French cities, whose names are synonymous with style and beauty, the Marmola method is known and proved.



In Hawaii..

As in America, France and ten other countries, news of the success of Marmola has spread to remote Hawaii. They fight ugly fat this way.

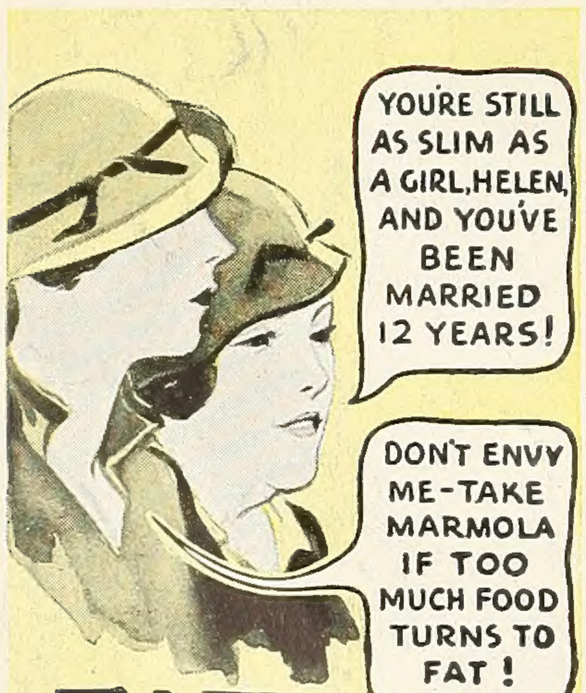


In America..

Marmola was first used in America. You will find it in villages and cities throughout the breadth of the country and its use has now spread to 11 foreign countries.

Now Demanded the World Over..

This Tested Way To Reduce!



FAT Hasn't Worried her for Years!

Ten years ago she learned to get slim and stay slim. Lucky people, those who do not have to fight fat all through the years. The multitudes who have known Marmola did not have to sit idly by while unlovely fat mounts. If food turns to excess, abnormal fat, you need go no further than to a good nearby drug store. The method discovered by others can be yours. Simply ask for Marmola.

Do you fear fat? Do you envy the men and women who "eat anything" without worrying about their figures? Would you like to normalize—without the necessity for undergoing dangerous starvation diets?

Then why not follow the lead of millions of other men and women? One reducing method has stood the test of time. First used in America, the demand for Marmola has spread throughout the world—to England, Scotland, France — to Egypt and South Africa — even to the countries of the Orient.

While useless fat remedies have come and gone, Marmola has become the tested international method of fat reduction.

The famous Marmola formula appears in every box. Back of this formula is the result of years of medical research and knowledge. The acid test of more than 20,000,000 boxes sold to the public offers even greater evidence of its effectiveness.

Marmola has only one purpose. It is intended for the reduction of excess, abnormal fat. Its formula includes among its 19 constituents, important vegetable and organic mineral substances. There are no torturous diets. Just ask your druggist for Marmola today and follow the simple directions in the box. You know you will be using the tested way.

Ask for Marmola at the nearest drug store.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

OCT -3 1933 ©C1B 202416

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER 1933

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

		PAGE
CHARLES LAUGHTON AS HENRY VIII		10
EASY TO HURT *Incidents Which Reveal the Sensitive Soul of Joan Crawford*	RUTH BIERY	12
THE GIRLS THEY PICK *A Certain Type of Girl is in Demand in Hollywood*	HELEN LOUISE WALKER	14
THE GREAT GARBO *Hollywood's Six Greatest Women: Number Three*	ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS	16
YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT "BOMBSHELL" *The Story of Jean Harlow's New Picture*	ELIZABETH WILSON	18
SEX IS BEAUTIFUL! *Mae West Sexplains It All*	PATRICIA KEATS	20
WHO WILL BE THE QUEEN OF HOLLYWOOD? *If Mary Pickford Abdicates—What Then, Little Man?*	MURIEL BABCOCK	21
STUDIO NEWS *How They Act When They Are Acting*	S. R. MOOK	22
BOB MEETS THE CUSTOMERS *Robert Montgomery Makes a Successful "Personal Appearance"*	LENORE SAMUELS	24
"WATCH THESE STARS—" *Walter Wanger Talks About the Leading Players*	MAUDE CHEATHAM	26
TRACING THE TRAVELS OF LEE TRACY *He Hasn't Stopped Yet*	JACK JAMISON	29
"SH-H! I'M HAPPILY MARRIED!" *Fay Wray's Successful Marriage*	BEN MADDOX	47

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS		5
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS		6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"		8
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY *Pretty Girls Are Taken At Their Face Value*	MARY LEE	9
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS		11
REVIEWS OF RECENT PICTURES		50
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE	CHARLOTTE HERBERT	74
THE FINAL FLING	THE EDITOR	74

ART SECTION—Rotogravure Portraits of Leading Stars

DOROTHY LEE RETURNS TO THE SCREEN	31
MR. & MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS, VACATION TIME	32
KATHARINE HEPBURN, ESTABLISHED SUCCESS	33
RICHARD ARLEN AND JULIE HAYDON	34
ANNA STEN, GERMAN BEAUTY	35
JACK LA RUE, MORE VILLAINY	36
LILIAN HARVEY AND LEW AYRES	37
GARBO AT WORK ON "QUEEN CHRISTINA"	38-39
SPENCER TRACY, VERSATILE	40
JEAN HARLOW'S NEW HOME	41
PICTURE LOVERS	42-43
CHARLES FARRELL, WELCOME BACK	44
RUSS COLOMBO, SARI MARITZA, MIMI LAWLOR, GEORGE BANCROFT	46

COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT
By JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Chicago Office: 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Yearly subscriptions $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.50 in Canada; foreign $1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1933.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS



Alice Brady

IT IS not enough to play a part as if the character were drawn after the player's own outline. Real acting comes only when a new personality seems to have taken possession of the player. Alice Brady is such an actress—and a great one. She's next in "Stage Mother."

WHEN young Jackie Cooper moved over to the Paramount lot to play in "Lone Cowboy," he spent his first lunch time visiting Mae West in her dressing room. Just another West fan. His mother, however, visited Harpo Marx. . . . Bing Crosby, a most ardent angler, has been fishing for marlin for over two years, but didn't have any luck until, the day after he finished "Too Much Harmony," he dashed over to Catalina and, after a half-hour struggle, landed a 197-pound marlin swordfish. . . . Lionel Barrymore is crazy about playing acting games and will sit up all night—any night—to play "In the Manner of the Word." . . . Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are Hollywood's newest lovers, and Mae is that thrilled she almost flutters. Not that we blame her in the least, for we could work up a good set of flutters over the fascinating Sidney any time. . . . Marie Dressler would have you believe that this bicycle fad is nothing at all. Why, Marie claims she was one of the first bicycle fans in America, and startled all New York in the Gay Nineties by riding her bike around the reservoir in Central Park with Lillian Russell. . . . Freddie March had to spend his birthday recently working from nine A.M. until midnight on the "Design for Living" set. His wife had planned a grand dinner party for him but it had to be called off. So even a movie star can't enjoy his birthday in peace. . . . King Vidor, who gave Miriam Hopkins such a rush, is now being seen around with Helen Vinson. . . . Lil Tashman was greatly upset over those rumors of a rift with Eddie Lowe. Why Eddie even gave up his personal appearance tour to rush back to Hollywood to be with Lil while she was so sick.



The camera crew setting up on the "The House on 56th Street" set.

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

REVIEWS

This style type indicates recent pictures.

Italics indicate pictures previously released.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—Splendid. (*MGM*) The plight of an artist when introduced to her husband's prosaic family. (Helen Hayes–Robert Montgomery).

BERKELEY SQUARE—Grand (*Fox*) Leslie Howard superlative in illusive rôle of man whose mind leaps back & forth bewilderingly from the 18th to the 20th centuries. Give your imagination a break!

BEST OF ENEMIES—*Good.* (Fox) *Buddy Rogers does a swell comeback in this amusing comedy, with Frank Morgan, Marian Nixon & Joseph Hawthorn.*

BIG EXECUTIVE—Fair. (*Par*) Elizabeth Young makes her debut in this story which fails to make the grade even though Ricardo Cortez and Richard Bennett exert every effort to brighten it up.

BITTER SWEET—Fine. (*UA*) Noel Coward's enchanting operetta transferred to the screen with excellent results. Don't miss it if you like musical romances.

BLARNEY KISS, THE—Good. An English picture that is moderately entertaining. That grand old lady, Haidee Wright, is in the cast.

BLIND ADVENTURE—Good. (*RKO*) A mystery laid in London, with plenty of fog to thicken the atmosphere. (Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews.)

B'WAY TO HOLLYWOOD—Fine. (*MGM*) Three generations of a vaudevillian family provide as entertaining an evening as anyone might desire. Splendid cast includes Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper.

CAPTURED—*Good.* (WB) *The serious side of war is shown here in a German prison camp, with Leslie Howard & Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as unhappy prisoners.*

DEVIL'S MATE—Fine. (*F.D.*) An engrossing mystery, the solution to which escapes detection until the last reel. (Preston Foster, Peggy Shannon.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—Superb. (MGM) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts! And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke.)

DISGRACED—*Good.* (Par) *Helen Twelvetrees as the wistful model led astray by Bruce Cabot, the society man engaged to Adrienne Ames. Poor Helen!*

FAITHFUL HEART—So-so. An English drama that leaves much to be desired. Herbert Marshall is always worth seeing, however. Also Edna Best.

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO—*Good.* (U) *If horse operas entertain you, see this by all means. Ken Maynard as the hero, and Fred Kohler as the bad man.*

FIGHTING PARSON—Good. (*Allied*) Our western hero, Hoot Gibson, steps into the shoes of a revival minister by mistake.

FLYING DEVILS. *Fair.* (RKO) *Come to the carnival air circus and watch the daring performances of Bruce Cabot, Ralph Bellamy & Eric Linden.*

GOODBYE AGAIN—*Amusing.* (WB) *Satirical study of a vain author whose secretary keeps his feet on terra firma.* (*Warren William, Joan Blondell.*)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—Amusing. (*RKO*) Swift action and many laughs follow in the wake of a sob-sister's romance with a newspaper cameraman. (Frances Dee, William Gargan.)

HER BODYGUARD—*Fair.* (Col) *Eddie Lowe in the rôle of a wise-cracking sleuth hired to guard Wynne Gibson's virtue and her jewels.*

HER FIRST MATE—Amusing. (*U*) One of the best of the ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedies, with Una Merkel thrown in for good measure.

HOLD YOUR MAN—*Fine.* (MGM) *Here's a Gable-Harlow story that may make you weep a tear or two. Sex takes a back seat now and then. Different, eh?*

I HAVE LIVED—*Fair.* (Chest.) *Life is made exciting for Anita Page by Alan Dinehart and Allen Vincent. Of course she pays for her fun!*

KING OF THE ARENA—Good. (*U*) Ken Maynard as a Texas Ranger who leads an exciting chase after a famous criminal.

LADIES MUST LOVE—Good. (*U*) Four ladies of the evening make a unique contract, broken only when "true love" creeps in during an off-moment. There are some musical interludes and June Knight of the Broadway stage.

LADY FOR A DAY—Grand entertainment. (*Col*) All about the apple woman who temporarily goes "high society" to impress her daughter's titled in-laws. (May Robson, Warren William, Jean Parker.)

MAMA LOVES PAPA—*Very Amusing.* (Par) *Can you name a more delightful team than Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles? See them and laugh from sheer joy.*

MAN WHO DARED—*Good.* (Fox) *Fictionized life story of the late mayor of Chicago makes absorbing film. Preston Foster, Zita Johann in fine cast.*

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—*Good.* (WB) *Kay Francis as a baby specialist! Lyle Talbot as the man she should have married, but doesn't 'til the last reel.*

MASQUERADER, THE—*Charming.* (UA) *Ronald Colman plays a fascinating dual rôle against the background of England's Parliament. Elissa Landi is the feminine complication.*

MAYOR OF HELL—*Fine.* (WB) *It's a joy to see Jimmy Cagney figuratively smash a grapefruit in the face of an unscrupulous reform school superintendent. Madge Evans gladly lends a hand.*

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Good. (*Par*) It's fun watching a suave little group of English crooks trying to outwit an American detective. (Geo. Raft, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson.)

MR. BROADWAY—Good. Meet the celebrities during an entertaining tour of the N. Y. night clubs, conducted by Ed Sullivan of the Daily News.

MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—*Fine.* (U) *Tuneful melodies, colorful sets, youth, romance, laughter —they're all here in abundance. A swell cast too, including Mary Brian, Roger Pryor, Alexander Gray.*

MORNING GLORY—Fine. (*RKO*) Katharine Hepburn's captivating performance helps to make this story of a small town girl's bid for theatrical fame seem new and exciting. (Adolphe Menjou, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Fair. (*U*) The popular radio team of Myrt and Marge heads a moderately entertaining back stage story.

NO MARRIAGE TIES—Good. (*RKO*) As an "ad" man, brimful of slogans and liquor, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out *successively* but not *successfully* on Ellzabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—Fine. (*RKO*) As the idealistic country doctor, Lionel Barrymore lives up to his well-earned reputation. Dorothy Jordan and May Robson are in the cast.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Fine. (*Par*) The simpler, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Fine. (*Hoffman*) A fast-moving train is the setting for this exceedingly entertaining comedy-drama, featuring Mary Brian, Donald Dilloway, Russell Hopton.

PENTHOUSE—Colorful. (*MGM*) An exciting picturization of Arthur Somers Roche's mystery novel which appeared serially in Cosmopolitan. (Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Chas. Butterworth.)

POLICE CALL—Fair. (*Showmen's Pict.*) Thinking he killed a man Nick Stuart escapes to South America and finds romance and adventure.

POWER AND THE GLORY—Brilliant. (*Fox*) The engrossing drama of one man's life unfolded in most unusual fashion. Don't pass this one by. (Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore.)

RAFTER ROMANCE—Good. (*RKO*) *He* occupied the garret by day—and *she* by night. An unconventional situation providing many laughs. (Norman Foster-Ginger Rogers.)

SAVAGE GOLD—*Fascinating. If you don't rate a vacation this year, get a vicarious thrill by exploring the wild mountain passes of Ecuador with Commander G. M. Dyott. Head hunters 'n' everything!*

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM—Fair. (*U*) A mystery melodrama with its full share of murders. (Gloria Stuart, Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas.)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Fine. (*Scott*) This 1933 talkie, with smoothly interwoven shots from popular silent pictures, provides a thrill for movie fans who are tremendously fascinated by the old days.

SING, SINNER, SING—Fair. (*Maj.*) The story of a torch singer inspires the cinema emotions of Paul Lukas, George Stone and Leila Hyams.

SONG OF SONGS—Excellent. (*Par*) Dietrich more glamorous than ever as an artist's model who slips gracefully down the primrose path.

SPHINX, THE—*Fair.* (Monogram) *Lionel Atwill cast once again in the rôle of a ruthless murderer. Sheila Terry is attractive as the heroine.*

STORM AT DAYBREAK—*Good.* (MGM) *The old reliable triangle whipped into story form again—this time with war-ridden Hungary as a background, and Walter Huston and Nils Asther being very serious about Kay Francis.*

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY—*Interesting.* (F. D.) *Pathetic film record of Tom Mooney's apparently hopeless fight for freedom during the past 17 years.*

STRANGER'S RETURN—*Fine.* (MGM) *Come back to the farm with Miriam Hopkins, and meet Grandpa Lionel Barrymore, Farmer Franchot Tone and Stuart Erwin.*

TARZAN, THE FEARLESS—Good. (Prin.) The kids will eat up this new Tarzan story, and cry for more. Buster Crabbe is the present jungle-galloper.

THIS DAY AND AGE—Excellent. (*Par*) Cecil De Mille can take the bows for this effective picture about a group of highschool youths who wage a spectacular war against gangsters during Boys' Week.

THIS IS AMERICA—*Fine. Entertaining anthology of our country's historical events, as well as our material and mental progress since 1917.*

THREE CORNERED MOON—Fine. (*Par*) Introducing the mad, mad Rimpelgars, as amusing a family as ever hailed from Brooklyn. (Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, Richard Arlen, Hardie Albright.)

TUGBOAT ANNIE—Fine. (*MGM*) Marie Dressler gives another excellent characterization, aided and abetted by her sparring partner, Wally Beery.

VOLTAIRE—*Splendid.* (WB) *George Arliss superb as the sly old philosopher at the court of Louis 15th. Doris Kenyon lovely as Madame Pompadour.*

WRECKER, THE—Fair. (*Col*) Jack Holt in the kind of melodrama we have come to expect of him. Genevieve Tobin and Sidney Blackmer in cast.

Making "Design for Living"



Miriam Hopkins



Fredric March



Gary Cooper

AT OUR EXPENSE!

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS



"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES"
writes Miss Healy
"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."
Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue
New York City

REDUCE...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES
. . . or it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, return the girdle and your money will be immediately refunded . . . and without question!

REDUCE QUICKLY, EASILY, AND SAFELY!

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

● Don't Wait any longer . . . Act Today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you.

● You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . including the postage!

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 4411 New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

"You're Telling Me?"

A Difference of Opinion Is As Good As An Introduction.



Lona Andre and "Bing," her favorite blood hound.

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

First Prize

"RADIO stars mean big money to the movie business," writes Bessie E. Tyler of Newport, R. I., "but what about the radio fans? The wise ones will pass all pictures with their favorite star. Why? Because a radio star's charm lies in the imagination of the listener."

That's the most interesting observation I've heard lately. "The imagination of the listener." It is possible to continue the appeal on the screen if the material is imaginative. See "Morning Glory"—that's what I mean.

Second Prize

"WITH all due credit to Charlie Chaplin's mastery of the pantomimic art, I do wish he'd capitulate and make a talking picture. A silent film, instead of being a novelty, is a boresome entertainment," writes Betty Patterson of Monitor St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The trouble is that now he is a gallant little fellow, half-dream, half-real. Talk would bring him to earth.

Third Prize

"WHAT a joy to see the first still of Louisa M. Alcott's 'Little Women,' and to read: 'Beginning a cycle of wholesome pictures!' I am certain that many parents of children, especially in the adolescent age, join me in rejoicing over this news," writes Mrs. Estelle G. Perkins, of Main St., Fairhaven, Mass. "The party responsible for 'Little Women' has my deepest respect."

Mr. Merian C. Cooper of Radio please take a bow.

"I LIKE 'Rambling Over Hollywood with S. R. Mook.' I just shrieked at his description of the set of 'Three Cornered Moon,'" writes Betty Grace of N. Madison St., Marshall, Mich. "It determined me to see the rest of the movie."

O. K. Dick.

"TIMES are bad. Depression and Disaster have been stalking the land. When we go to see a picture, what unfolds on the screen? Problem plays, family disputes, erring daughters, etc. In short, we might as well stay home," writes Harry K. Cline of Cumberland, Me. "John Jones, who has his troubles, does not like to visit the Smiths, because they, too, have troubles. And so with the pictures. People want to be entertained with tales of derring do; with stories of fantasy; with pictures of adventure. So, what? Dig out some of the old masterpieces. Wild adventure, clashing of swords at dawn, a wild ride over cobbled streets to make the pulses jump and the heart race, while the grim twins mentioned above are forgotten."

The movies have advanced beyond that, Harry. We respond now-a-days to the clash of emotions, and thrill to the bravery of pretense. Giddap!

DOROTHY CASH of Sebring, Fla., writes "You would get more box office trade if you would make a couple of musical comedies, then change to some other kind of picture, for instance a murder case."

In this world there can be only one "WOW" at a time. Right now it's musicals.

"WHEREVER have the colored pictures been hiding themselves?" asks Algernon Lewis of Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill. "Remember how thrilled we were with the brilliant natural coloring of the scenes. Why not insert a bit of color in the westerns? Surely, there is scenery enough to warrant it."

Walt Disney has made some wonderful color cartoons. See them.

"I MUST say I received quite a shock when Ricardo Cortez slapped Loretta Young down in 'Midnight Mary,'" writes Madonna Charrlin of Vermillion, S. D. "I hope that the slapping phase in pictures will be *passé* soon."

That's modernism, Madonna. Sex equality—bam! Ladies that lie—Zowie!

"MAE WEST is the answer to father's prayer," writes Roderick Dhu of Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill. "She looks like they used to look when he was young. That's why father and thousands of his contemporaries now stand in long lines before theatres showing Mae West pictures. They hanker for a sight of curves."

No, son, that isn't it. Mae represents an end of the mealy mouthed hypocrisy that put over prohibition, etc.

"I'M THROUGH! After seeing Marlene Dietrich in 'Song of Songs.' I think any one of a hundred American girls could fill the rôle just as effectively as Marlene," writes Jasper B. Sinclair of 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. "Am I bigoted? Maybe . . . Hollywood proceeds on the theory that romance and glamour are found on the other side of the world . . . never in their own backyard."

Mention one from our backyard who has Marlene's classic beauty.



Irwin Pollack of W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "After seeing 'College Humor' with Mary Carlisle, I wonder why they pay for big stars? I would rather see starlets."

Lasky is making a picture with all beginners.

Girls, who want to be Alice in Wonderland, apply to Paramount's casting director.

OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

Pretty Girls Are Always Taken at Their Face Value.

By Mary Lee

MORE beauty means more time, and there's no kidding ourselves about that. Smart housewives and "business gals"—and that includes the Hollywood stars, too—know that in addition to their daily hour or half-hour at the dressing table, they must set aside several hours each week for a complete beauty overhauling . . . shampoo, facial, manicure and what not. Sunday morning seems to be the most opportune moment for most of us . . . so let's see how it can be used to the best advantage.

As soon as you wake up—get up. I know it's hard sometimes. But if you've waked up naturally, then you're at the end of your best sleep, and you should hop right up. Oh, you can stretch and yawn to your heart's delight. That's good for you. (Watch a cat wake up sometime and learn how it manages to keep so limber and flexible! It's the s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g that does it!)

Use a good mild soap and warm water on your face to remove every vestige of that night cream which I trust you put on before you tumbled in. (And if you were too tired, then I'm ashamed of you.)

After your tub, take a good hasty rub down with a brisk towel, and dash some cooling, fragrant astringent lotion over your face and neck. But no make-up for a while yet, please! Keep your face *au naturel* as long as you can. A little free breathing won't hurt it. And even if you have an observant husband sitting across the breakfast table—he won't mind. He'll quite probably appreciate the opportunity of seeing you as you are—in the flesh, as 't'were, for a change.

After breakfast, get "up and at" your beauty "chores." And if, in the back of your mind, you're harboring a forlorn wish for a personal maid of your own—forget it. Even the Hollywood stars, who have personal maids, often prefer to do these things for themselves. You just can't drag Joan Crawford away from her boudoir for the better part of her Sundays, because she's too busy trying first this coiffure, then that, and maybe brushing her finger tips with a new shade of polish—then wiping it off, and trying another. Joan wants to experiment with everything for herself—things must suit her as well as the fashion. And this is what is partly responsible for that grand self-assurance she possesses.

First, see that all your aids and accomplices are handy on the shelf. The shampoo comes first. If you use soap, always use it in emulsion form. Just shave tiny flakes of the soap into a jar of luke warm water, and let it dissolve; or cook this emulsion over a fire for a few minutes, and let it cool. After you've lathered it well into your hair and scalp, rinse just as carefully and as thoroughly. You may have a special rinse for your shade of hair, or you may want to use the old-fashioned stand-bys—lemon juice to keep your hair light, or vinegar to cut the grease.

Then out into the sun—if there is any, and you can get to it—with a hairbrush in one hand, and your manicure "props" in the other. First massage your head vigorously, moving your scalp along with your fingers. After ten minutes or so, when your fingers are a wee bit tired, plop them into a bowl of lukewarm water, and proceed with your manicure. The sunlight and air carries on the good work on your hair.

When your nails are finished, and nicely lacquered, take your brush in hand and go to work on your hair again. Separate it into thin strands and work close to the scalp. Maybe you *won't* use a brush all week long, because of a newly set wave, but you haven't an excuse in the world for not using it now. Your hair is naturally a little dried from the washing. So coax the oil from your scalp up into the hair follicles with a good sturdy brush. It's going to add to the sheen, and bring back the natural oil, which is a big boon in setting your wave.

Back to the bathroom again to set your hair. Use a good wave-setting lotion. One that's not too sticky—and won't flake when it dries. Put your wave in with your fingers, or with combs, as you like. But remember to keep them well up and back on your head.

Then, when that's done, pin a towel around your head—or just a strip of gauze or cloth, several inches wide—to keep the hair in place, and to protect it from what you're going to do now to your face. You *should* do something special, don't you think, or your face is going to feel, (and look) slighted. A facial consisting of cleansing cream, tissue or a good circulation cream, as well as an astringent cream or lotion, is brief and to the point. If you haven't a circulation cream, you can use a plastic cream or pack instead, after your cleansing cream, to stir up a sluggish circulation. There's a new one I know of; it's thin and melty at first, but during the fifteen minutes you're supposed to keep it on, it hardens and tightens, and you can actually feel your skin responding.

While this plastic cream is drying, get out your depilatory and go to work on your legs. They've just got to be done once a week, if *they're* addicted to hair, and if

[*Continued on page* 72]



Building up a reputation for beauty. Genevieve Tobin practices her magic arts.



CHARLES LAUGHTON AS HENRY VIII.

Under the title "The Private Life of Henry VIII," a picture has been made in England which gives Charles Laughton the opportunity he deserves. At the top, the much married king is shown with his ministers, and below you see Henry with one of his six wives—Ann of Cleves—played by Elsa Lanchester. Authentic costumes and period furniture were used.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS OF THE SILVER SCREEN



"Fire Chief" Ed Wynn has susceptible Marie Dressler a-burning. A great actress, whether working or fooling.

WELL, did Hollywood gasp the night of the brilliant opening of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese, when Carole Lombard appeared on the debonair arm of her very late ex-husband, Bill Powell. Carole and Bill hadn't been seen together since a week before Carole, one bright morning, started out for Reno—"and she didn't say why." Carole and Bill were the guests of Gloria Swanson and Mike Farmer, and it looked just like old times seeing the four of them together. Carole wore a beautiful white evening gown and has never looked better. But we can't say so much for Gloria Swanson, who had a wreath of little tight curls across her forehead and not one single little bit of make-up. Those 1886 curls might be all right for Little Women but Gloria just doesn't seem to be the type. During the intermission, when all eyes were glued on Carole and Bill, not to mention the Swanson coiffure, Mr. Farmer would gallantly kiss his wife's hand every few moments. Just to prove to Hollywood that they are happily married? Or is he a hand-kisser by choice?

WHEN Mae West goes on her personal appearance tour as soon as she finishes her next picture, "It Ain't No Sin," she expects to make one-night stands in towns all over the country. But the appearances will not be made at the local theatres, as is the custom, but at the auditorium or town hall, whichever has the largest seating capacity. Mae will sing several songs, do a scene from "She Done Him Wrong," and finish up with a monologue on Hollywood that will send them rolling into the aisles.

ALTHOUGH she had about the smallest "bit" (that of the cook) in the all-star cast of "Dinner at Eight," May Robson, at the premiere of the picture in Hollywood, received about the biggest applause. "I guess I was too old to be invited to that famous dinner," she said, "so they just asked me to cook it."

Mrs. Robson is an inveterate preview goer and gets a big thrill out of pictures. "I have to keep my eyes open wide at my pictures," she told me at the "Beauty for Sale" preview, "for if they droop for one second I miss seeing myself entirely."

IRVING THALBERG, JR., Norma's little boy, spent all of his third birthday looking at Walt Disney's colored creation, "Three Little Pigs." He was so fascinated by it that it had to be run over and over again for him. The birthday party and his little guests just had to get along without him for Irving Jr., had no intention of leaving those three little pigs. Which all goes to prove that young Irving is a chip off the old block and knows a good picture when he sees it.

THERE was much laughter at a Hollywood dinner party the other night when a well-known sensational actress said, "I am twenty-six. I know I look older and I know I am older, but I'm twenty-six."

"MEET me over on Stage 7 when you finish your fashion pictures," Una Merkel told Madge Evans at the M-G-M studio one day. So, as soon as Madge had finished she hurried over to Stage 7, pushed open the door, and bumped right into Garbo, all dressed up in boots and things for "Queen Christina."

"I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge gasped while Garbo glared. Immediately six guards swooped down upon her and literally picked her up and carried her to the door.

"Who are you? What do you want? You can't come in here. Can't you read signs? Have you a pass for this lot?" they proceeded to demand in their most cop-like voices.

"I'm Madge Evans. I work on this lot. And I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge managed to say as she was dropped on the other side of the big stage door.

"We don't care who you are. You gotta stay off this set," one of the guards snapped back and closed the door with a bang.

"I think they thought I was you—a fan writer," Madge told me later. "Trying to crash in to interview Miss Garbo. Well, I was never so forcibly ejected from a place in all my life."

And now, my children, you understand why fan writers DON'T interview Garbo.

MAX BAER got so mad because Jean Harlow wouldn't "take on" over him at the Colony Club the other night that he couldn't work the next day. Max thought all the dames in Hollywood would go for him.

CAROLE LOMBARD, after weeks of silence, has finally gotten around to announcing to the press that she and Powell are definitely through, with absolutely no hopes of a reconciliation. But she expects to see him now and then because that's her idea of civilized divorce. Some day there's going to be a divorced couple in Hollywood who hate each other and say so, and who refuse to be seen with each other or even go to the same parties—and that, my hearties, will be NEWS.

JOHNNY has given Lupe a new bracelet (she's got them up to her shoulder blades now) which Lupe is so proud of she has to show it to everybody. It's a platinum circlet set in vari-colored stones which spell "Dearest." A row of diamonds for "d"; a row of emeralds for "e"; a row of amethysts for "a"; and a row of rubies for "r"; etc. Johnny is one of the boys who has gone in for white mess jackets for evening wear in Hollywood and he and Lupe, all in white, made a most striking looking couple at the opening of "Dinner at Eight." Lupe begged Johnny all evening to give his Tarzan call, but for once Johnny was adamant and absolutely refused.

CLARK GABLE lost thirty pounds while he was in the hospital with appendicitis. "Dancing Lady" waited for him for over a month.

[*Continued on page* 48]

"EASY to HURT"

Incidents Which Reveal the Sensitive Soul of Joan Crawford.

By Ruth Biery

IT WAS Easter Sunday morning, 1927. I dropped in to see Joan Crawford in her former home in Beverly Hills. She was sitting at the little kidney desk in the living room, writing a letter. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. A sob mingled frequently with the scratching of the pen. Page after page of the letter which she was writing was strewn around her.

"Why Joan, what is the matter?"

"I am writing to my mother. We quarreled. I am apologizing. I didn't mean it. I am begging her to forgive me."





Joan as she is in her next picture.

She wears a wig in the big dance number.

I looked at her in bewilderment. I knew about that quarrel with her mother. Joan had been in the right. Her mother had made a mistake—as any mother might.

"But, Joan, your mother—"

"Please! I was wrong. I am her daughter. I should not have quarreled. And it is *Easter*. It is the day on which all mistakes are forgiven—"

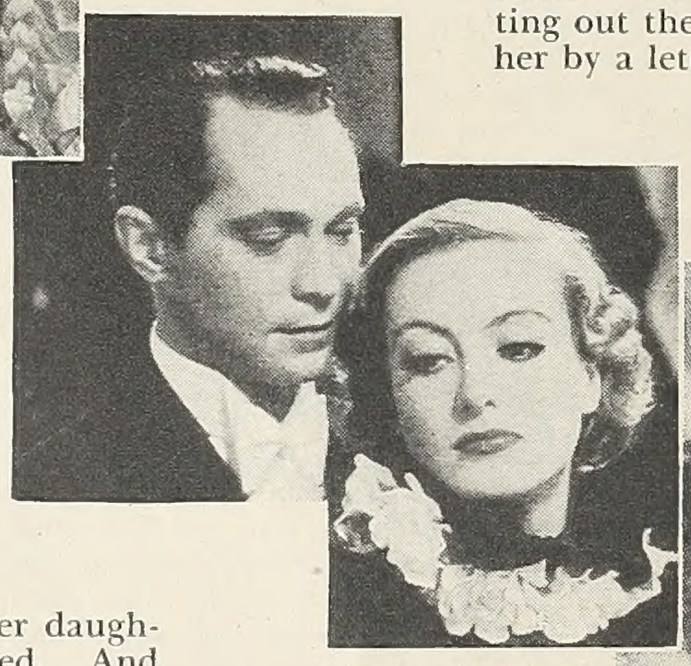
Joan sent the letter in which she assumed all the responsibilities; the letter which brought her mother back to her.

Probably no woman in Hollywood is more misunderstood than Joan Crawford. A woman who combines glamour and sensitiveness as she does, could not but be misunderstood. A woman who dramatizes life as Joan does could not but be accused of self-dramatization. Joan does dramatize herself. She cannot help it. She is as sensitive as the strings of a very old violin. Each motion of those about her hits upon one of the strings, causing a vibration. She can no more help this than a Florida resident can prevent a cyclone from descending upon him. Only the Florida inhabitant has a forty-eight hour warning of his storms. Joan has no warning.

Last month a motion picture magazine carried a letter from a fan which called Joan "artificial, shallow, insincere." It condemned her for allowing Franchot Tone and Robert Young to *steal* "Today We Live from her. It condemned her for her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It reminded Joan that she had said, two years ago, "If two people love each other, nothing can separate them." It said: "This proves to me that Douglas has high ideals and Joan false ones."

Joan read that letter. She read it again. She read it for two days. She carried it around with her; she carried it to bed with her. She answered it. She wrote: "You are not only unfair to my career but to my private life. I do not choose my pictures. My intimate friends, who know all the details, have not criticized me. Why should you, who know nothing of my marriage, nothing of my working conditions, do it?"

Then she tore up the letter. Instead of letting out the hurt within her by a letter, she let it out in hours of tears—tears wept when the world was not looking.

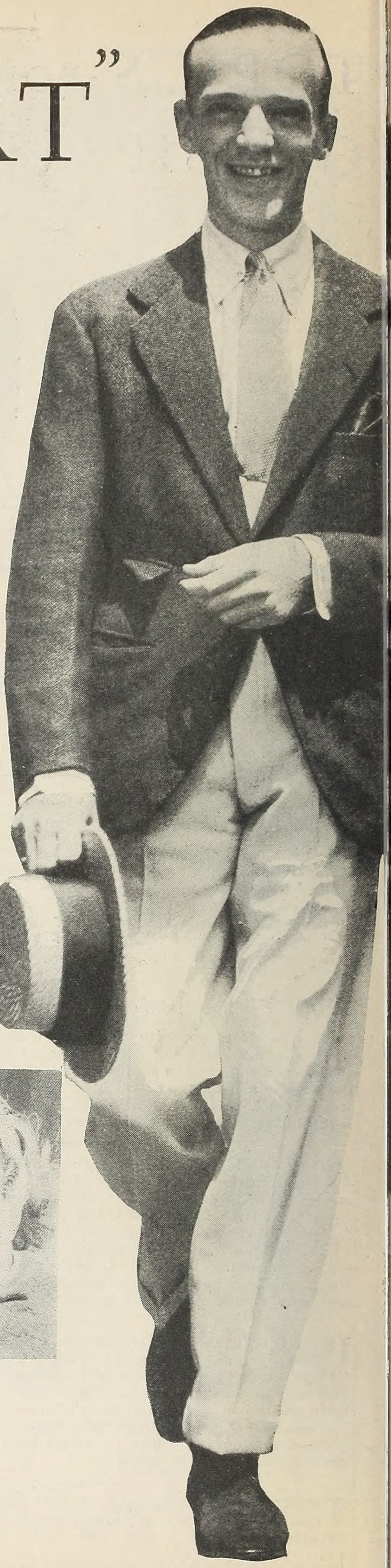


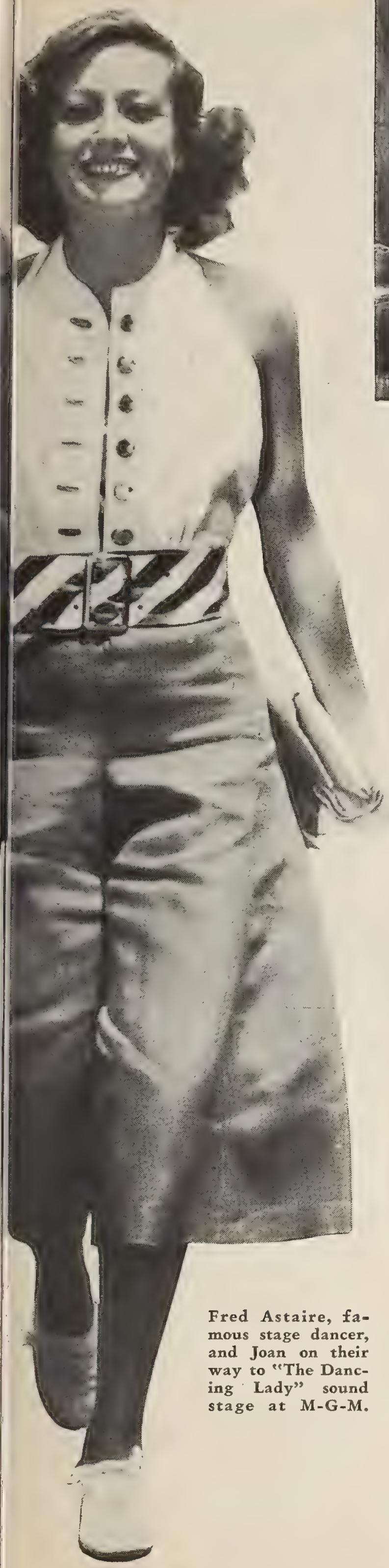


Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady," and an off-stage snapshot of Joan.

"I will never forget that letter," she told me.

Joan was not exaggerating. She will never forget. A woman who feels as deeply as this does not forget the things that have hurt her. She can't. It would be easier for her if she could. Those people whom God has created to feel *too deeply* do not





Fred Astaire, famous stage dancer, and Joan on their way to "The Dancing Lady" sound stage at M-G-M.



The famous cellophane set of "The Dancing Lady," with Fred Astaire and Joan in foreground. No double for the girl who danced her way to fame.

have an easy path. They must stumble continually over sharp stones, prickly tumble weeds and muddy ruts. There is never a straight, well-graded stretch of road before them.

Last week Joan greeted her old friends, the Lawrence Oliviers, upon the set of "Dancing Lady." She had not seen them for many months. The Oliviers had accompanied Joan and Doug on their trip to Europe. It was not an easy meeting. So much had happened to Joan since that journey. So much must always happen to her between journeys.

There were fifty chorus girls on the set. Innumerable people of all descriptions. It was a big scene. Joan sat her guests upon canvas chairs and drew her own close to them, dropped her voice to a confidential murmur.



A character shot of Joan in exotic costume.





"Easy to Hurt" Joan in a tragic scene. Left, posing for a close-up.

Suddenly, a girl sitting close by, pulled off dark glasses. "Oh, hello, Joan."

The girl was another famous motion picture actress; one under contract to the same studio.

"Why didn't you tell me you were there?" Joan exclaimed. "I did not know that you were. You had your back to me."

And, the next day, a worker in the studio told Joan that this other actress claimed that Joan did not recognize her. "Getting high hat. Success has gone to her head. I used to know her well. But now—"

Joan went to the actress; apologized the second time. "I didn't recognize you—" Joan turned away crying. She cried until the new make-up, which she had put on at noon as she always does, was ruined. "You must not cry about little things, Joan—" the director told her.

But Joan cries about little things as well as big. She has always cried about them. She always will. A woman whose soul is tuned like the susceptible strings of a violin must always feel the small vibrations as well as the large.

Last Christmas, Paul, the script boy on Joan's pictures, was run over by an automobile. "Little Paul" she called him. The hospital called her at four o'clock Christmas morning.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"Do! Do! Why take care of him, of course."

[*Continued on page* 70]

The Girls They

GIRLS! Lots and lots of girls. The prettiest girls you ever *saw* —simply swarming all over the lots since the revival of musical pictures. The studios are very pleasant places to visit, these days! There is even a shortage of lovely young things —as dance director Dave Gould found when he began casting "Rolling Down to Rio" over at Radio.

Busby Berkely has signed a hundred and eight of them for "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor opus. The shrewd Warners have put fifty or so little dears under contract—sort of left-over from "Forty Second Street," "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Footlight Parade." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has four musicals in production and some more scheduled for early autumn, with requisite choruses and ballets. Well, you can see the fix Mr. Gould must have been in!

It isn't easy to find them. Sammy Lee, at Metro, rehearsing twenty-eight for numbers in "Dancing Lady," informed me, laconically, that the group was the result of some five thousand applicants and interviews and tests.

"Well, how in the world do you choose them?" I gasped, watching the rhythmic gyrations of the chosen. "What do they have to *have?*"

"Beauty—of the photographic variety. The sort of beauty which registers in a flashing close-up. Youth—the sort of—er—dewy kind youth. Freshness, innocence, enthusiasm. That is why their time is so short in this sort of work. Two years—three at the very most. It is different, of course, on the stage. The audience isn't so close to them!

"You see, they become *accustomed* to the job so quickly. They meet a lot of people, they stay out at night, the whole thing gets to be an old story so soon. Then they are no good to us any more—for choruses or ballets. Enthusiasm—interest—these are more important than anything else. If a girl wants to be attractive, she must be interested in something —eager about something.

"So far as physical attributes are concerned, it is difficult to give any rules. The dancers average five feet one or two inches in height. Show girls may be anywhere from five feet three to five feet ten! We look for well rounded figures—but a very tall, thin girl with no figure to speak of may be a breath-taking per-

Wide World

The girls of "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor musical, have a little more here and there and not so much elsewhere.

Jack Oakie surrounded by the beauties of "Too Much Harmony," Bing Crosby's piece.

PICK

A Certain Type of Girl is in Demand in Hollywood, and Here Are the Specifications.

By Helen Louise Walker

and forth, across the great, echoing stage, to the blurred, tinny sound of a piano. Mr. Lee's two assistants lounged in directors' chairs, watching them, interrupting from time to time with curt admonitions.

"Strengthen that line, Peaches . . . Adrienne, what do you think you are doing? No! No! Now, girls, snap it up! Heads up, hands thrown back—'way back— *Give* it something, do you hear? Now, let's see you *do* it!" The men had the mechanical patience which you see in teachers of very young children.

Back and forth, back and forth . . . Lovely young things. Blondes, red-heads, startling brunettes. Little feet tapping, bodies swaying, rounded legs twinkling. . .

"They must *not*," Sammy Lee was saying, "tamper too much with their own natural coloring. I had to keep one of my favorite girls out of this picture because she had dyed her auburn hair black. It added ten years to her age . . . made her hard . . . it didn't go with her skin. 'I just wanted to see how I would look!' she told me. Well, the way she looked just kept her out of a job.

"Lots of girls have wanted to see how they would look if they turned platinum blonde. They have succeeded merely in taking all the character out of their faces, making themselves look artificial and a little cheap. A natural blonde is interesting, nearly always, because she is so rare. Artificial blondes are so common, these days, that they are a drug on the market. We want girls who look like *natural* beauties . . . no matter what type of beauties they are!"

I invaded the "Roman Scandals" company one evening, in search of that energetic young man, Busby Berkely. The United Artists lot hummed with an unwonted activity.

"Mr. Berkely is on stage Five. No, he is on Three. Well, he *was* on Three. . . ." I trudged to and fro. Plate glass and chromium sets were being built. Carpenters and electricians looked up from their work and rose with courteous directions. The red-haired girl in the little office was busy swapping stories with shirt-sleeved men. There were guffaws. . . . Someone opined, at last, that Mr. Berkely might be found in the wardrobe, "dressing some girls." I

[*Continued on page* 63]



Le Roy Prinz, Dance Director of Paramount, advising Mary Blackwood, Harriett Haddon, Theo DeVoe, Dorothy White, Ann Nagel and Vina Gale how to get to be great chorus girls.

son if she knows how to carry herself—how to make the most of that length of form. It is difficult to find very short girls who are well proportioned.

"They *must* have good teeth! They must have lovely, graceful, hands and dainty wrists. They must have feet with delicate arches, slender ankles. Slender thighs are important.

"They need not be trained dancers. Any girl who has a sense of rhythm—and most young things have—can be taught to dance. Of course, it requires some intelligence . . . enough to memorize simple routines."

All this time the twenty-eight girls were twirling obediently back and forth, back

The GREAT

Garbo is Great on the Screen Because in Her Own Life She is Capable of Deeds of Beautiful Graciousness.

The double page illustration on pages 38 and 39 was especially taken for SILVER SCREEN. *It is practically the only offstage shot of Garbo and her company at work, and is the first picture of her as "Queen Christina."*

Garbo is a serious artist. Her selection of the story of a Swedish Queen was inspired by a fine sense of patriotism.

THE great Garbo.

They have put that adjective in front of her name so many times that it sounds almost as natural as Greta Garbo.

In 1925, a young, unknown Swedish girl landed in Hollywood. On the studio lot, they laughed at her. Her clothes were certainly ridiculous and she was unlike any other actress who had ever reached the heights. Today that girl is the queen of motion pictures—her name is known in every city and hamlet of the globe—and she has influenced the thought and style of a whole generation of women.

That makes her a great screen star, the greatest, next to Mary Pickford, who ever lived. There can be no question that she is a great actress.

But is she a great woman? Is she one of Hollywood's six great women of all time?

So few people know anything about Garbo, the woman. Millions of words have been written about her and left behind them only a greater mystery. Sometimes it almost seems that there is no such person as Garbo, the woman; as though, once she left the magic shimmer of the silver sheet, she vanished, like some princess in a fairy tale.

But I know certain things about Garbo, the woman, and I do not hesitate for one moment to rank her as a great one.

For she possesses to a remarkable degree

GARBO

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

This is the third article in the series, "The Six Greatest Women of Hollywood."





Together Again! John Gilbert will play opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina" at her request. And is John happy!

When "Flesh and the Devil" was made, the affection between the players was real. Many thought marriage would follow.

In the old silent days, Garbo and Gilbert made "A Woman of Affairs" and discovered new possibilities in love.

three of the greatest qualities a human being can possess—loyalty, courage and honesty.

How do I know? I will tell you.

Greta's first years in Hollywood were not happy ones. The glorious and exotic, the world-famous figure which we know today was then only a homesick young girl, a stranger in a strange land. All her life she had been intensely shy. Behind her was a background that gave her neither ease nor camaraderie, neither worldly knowledge nor social training.

From the poorest of poor families, from the lowest class of Swedish home, without a single advantage except those she carried within herself with infinite courage, the girl had fought her way up step by step from a barber shop, a department store and a tobacco shop into the theater and the motion picture studio. It had required the greatest sacrifices to win her chance at all.

She was not like most American girls, accustomed to meeting people and able to handle any situation.

So, still in her teens, inexperienced and frightened, she found herself in Hollywood, 6000 miles from home and with but one friend—Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who had insisted that she be given a contract to accompany him to America.

It was with Stiller, long before the recent drama that brought Garbo and Gilbert together once more, that Garbo showed for the first time that great loyalty which never forsakes her, which she carries through at any cost, which she will go to any lengths to uphold.

For, when Stiller, who had been a very successful director in Europe, failed miserably in America, Garbo—who, on the other hand, had scored a great hit and was offered a fine opportunity and a fabulous salary—wished to return with him to Sweden, there to make pictures with him. Garbo fought for Stiller, long before she was in a position to fight for anything at the studio. When misunderstandings robbed him of a chance to direct at all, she begged that he be given one opportunity to direct her. When he was taken off the picture, at first she refused to go on with it without him. Only the fact that Stiller would not accept her sacrifice prevented her from throwing up her new and wonderful career and following him into the obscurity in which, not so long afterwards, he died.

Her loyalty to the man who had given her her chance was unbreakable, and to this day she never fails to give him credit, though he can no longer know nor benefit by it.

Some women, of course, might have done that. But not many, for it is not easy to give up a glowing future.

However, few women would have done the amazing, astounding, the generous and loyal thing which Greta Garbo has just done for John Gilbert.

[*Continued on page* 61]

"You're Going to Tal

Jean Harlow's New Picture Turns Hollywood Inside Out.

By Elizabeth Wilson





A scene still of Jean with Una Merkel. Una, as maid to Jean, has a sort of Daisy DeVoe part in "Bombshell."

SO YOU'RE going to Hollywood this winter? Well, don't. Just put the money back in the bank, or your stocking, or underneath the mattress or wherever you are keeping your money this year. For twenty-five cents, or fifty if you want to be *de luxe,* you can see "Bombshell" in a few weeks now, and my darlings, when you have seen "Bombshell" you have seen more of Hollywood than the oldest natives.

A Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, a quiet but by no means dull afternoon at Palm Springs in the desert, the topsy turvy Brown Derby, a studio set on the M-G-M lot with an actual picture in production, the authentic interior of a star's dressing room, the *hot cha cha* Tia Juanna (which, translated, means Aunt Jane for no reason I have ever been able to find out), the publicity offices of a major studio, the good old county jail, and one of those little rented forty room affairs in Beverly Hills which a movie star so quaintly calls "home." They're all there, and what's more they are *actually* what they are.

The exteriors of the movie star's home are actually exteriors of Mary Miles Minter's home. The Cocoanut Grove is actually the Cocoanut Grove, where the most famous stars in the world have danced together and started rumors. And the star's dressing room used in the picture is actually, my dears, Jean Harlow's own dressing room on the Metro lot. The portable dressing room on the sound stage, where "Red Dust" is having retakes made, is also Jean Harlow's own personal portable dressing room.

That's seeing the real Hollywood now, isn't it? No tricks done with mirrors in this picture except Frank Morgan's nose. No snares or delusions. No hokum. As Ted Healy says of his sister in the picture, "She's all wool and flat on the table." It doesn't make sense? Naturally. It's Hollywood.

"Yes, Hollywood is really laughing at itself at last," they tell you. Ha, ha, ha. Hollywood can take it. Ha, ha, ha. Well, it has been a long time since Eddie Lowe first glared at Victor McLaglen and snorted, "Oh yeah?" But it's still a good answer on occasions like this. For between you and me and the Rimplegar's gatepost, Hollywood *can't* take it. There's too much gosh-awful truth there for the village of make-believe, where tears come out of a glycerin bottle. Already the rumors have started—the whispering campaign is on. The studio press agent took great pains to explain it to me as we drove along Foothill Boulevard, on the way to Palm Springs where the "Bombshell" company was on location.

"Of course, it really isn't Hollywood," the nice man said. "It's only the Hollywood of the fan magazines. (Huh) It's what people from Iowa and Kansas and Texas expect to see in Hollywood and never do. It's what the public likes to think of their movie stars—not what they actually are. In other words, a tourist's conception of Hollywood. Now you and I know there's no truth in it."

Well, that "Oh yeah?" still holds good. I just happened to have read the script of "Bombshell," and I just happen to know what's been going on in this town the last few years behind closed doors and satin drapes. And, my dears, take it from your Aunt Hattie, who has seen so much she's pop-eyed, "Bombshell" isn't just what Kansas thinks of Hollywood—it's what Hollywood really is. Every incident in the story has actually happened here at some time or other. Good old Hollywood in the flesh, not a picture. Howja do!

I guess to make sense, although it is a bourgeois trait these vague days, I had better tell you about the people in "Bombshell" before we go into those little incidents that have actually happened—and how! The Hollywood Bombshell is the trade name of Lola Burns, screen star, played by Jean Harlow. And, according to Jean, it's the best rôle she has ever had, which is saying a Joe E. Brown mouthful when you consider how well Jean did by "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Lola Burns is a real movie star, and don't let the "confession" stories tell you differently. One minute she is as sentimental and sticky as a candy Valentine, and the next moment she goes bombastically mad, screaming and scratching in as beautiful a tantrum as Pola Negri ever had. The public sees her as an exotic orchid and as

About Bombshell"



The "Bombshell" company on location, with Jean Harlow surrounded by Mary Forbes, Frank Morgan, C. Aubrey Smith, Ted Healy and Franchot Tone. Victor Fleming, the director, in foreground.



Jean as "The Hollywood Bombshell," with Frank Morgan as "Pops," her bibulous father.

mysterious and shimmering as the seashore in the moonlight. To them she is GLAMOUR. But we see her as a rather dumb little girl from Peoria, imposed upon by a chiseling family, and forced into a hardened sophistication before she is even out of her teens. She's merely the pawn of Publicity.

And that brings us to Lee Tracy, who plays Space Hanlon (there happens to be a Scoop Conlon in Hollywood) who is the dynamic press agent for Monarch Pictures and generally accepted as the "guy who put Lola Burns over." Frank Morgan plays Pops, Lola's bibulous father, who used to run a livery stable back in Peoria but now breeds horses in Beverly Hills with Lola's money. And where have you heard of Pops before? Ted Healy plays Bro, a drunken, gambling ne'er-do-well, who hasn't seen the necessity to do a day's work since Lola was "discovered." What a family! But I've seen worse in Hollywood.

Then there's Una Merkel playing Miss Mac, Lola's chiseling secretary, and the little items brought out about Miss Mac are faintly reminiscent of the Daisy De Voe trial. Remember Clara Bow's Daisy? And there's the Marquis di Binelli di Pisa who is eager to keep himself married to one of Hollywood's richest stars. And where have we heard of a Marquis before? Nils



Lee Tracy, who is co-starred with Jean, on the sidelines with Isabel Jewell.

Asther was supposed to play the part of the scheming Marquis but walked out on the rôle and it fell to Ivan Lebedeff, the hand-kisser of Hollywood. When Lola tells Space that she is thinking of marrying the Marquis, Space snorts, "What are you doing? Playing follow the leader?"

Then there's Jim Brogan, the director, who "knew Lola Burns when" and is eager to pick up the old — er — friendship now that she has be-

[*Cont. on page* 54]

SEX IS BEAUTIFUL

Mae West Sexplains It All.

By Patricia Keats





Wide World

Mae as a *lion tameress* in "I'm No Angel."



Cary Grant and Mae West in one of the educational sequences of the new picture.

She is the greatest hit in pictures today. "She Done Him Wrong" has made over two million dollars.



She writes her own shows and then puts them over.

WELL, Aunt Emma can keep the birds and bees. She can get a thrill out of their nesting and hiving for we don't need them any more. Mae West has torn the veil from hypocrisy and come right out into the open (well almost) on this Sex business. And it's about time somebody did. Hollywood has been smirking and giggling over Jean Harlow's slipping gowns, Marlene Dietrich's pants and Ernst Lubitsch's beds for months and years now and feeling so naughtily abandoned. They had poor old Sex so deformed and disfigured by their insinuations and pretenses that the poor dear was just about to be blackballed from the best clubs—women's clubs. Sex is beautiful, really—Mae West says so. Yes, it took a blonde from Brooklyn to grab Sex up out of the mire and put it on a paying basis. And does Sex pay! If there's any doubt in your mind just examine the boxoffice receipts for "She Done Him Wrong."

Let's get analytical about this Sex business for a moment or so—fascinating subject, isn't it, or do you prefer long walks? If you take Sex seriously it isn't Sex, it is just vulgar and low, but if you go in for that thing with a *joie de vivre* and a hey nonny nonny and a dash of vermouth, and let yourself be carried away by a wave of genuine emotion, then who shall say you are this and that? Well, of course, some people will always say you are that. Imagine being a great hit on the screens throughout the country, not to mention London and Paris and Pago Pago, and all because you didn't pretend what everybody else was pretending. That's the secret of Mae's success. For example, when Jean Harlow first started in pictures she pretended to be a nice girl who didn't notice that her dress had practically slipped off of her. But Mae notices, there's the difference. There's no hypocrisy about Mae's brand of Sex. And if you're going to talk about Sex, says Mae, all right, but don't think you're going to talk about lilies and birds and bees.

Just look at "She Done Him Wrong." You probably have, three times or more. No movie star in Hollywood has ever had such a personal triumph. The picture has already netted over two million dollars for Paramount and it isn't through yet. To date it has played seven thousand return engagements—which, as Gregory Ratoff says, is "sensational!" And even "Night After Night," Mae's first picture in which she played only a "bit," has chalked up over 5500 return engagements simply because on the second runs Mae got top billing. Does Sex pay? I'm telling you.

And how does Mae feel about this Sex she has let loose in the cinema city, where the cosmic urge is still believed to be a violet ray? I was eager to know myself, so one morning, recently, I invaded the forbidden precincts of stage 23 on the Paramount lot, where Director Wesley Ruggles was putting Mae and Kent Taylor through a snappy scene. In "I'm No Angel," the next Westian opus, as you doubtless know, Mae is a voluptuous lion tamer in a circus, who has made a lot of rich and eligible men—has made them see things her way. Particularly has she "fascinated" Kent Taylor, a very indigo blue blood who is so eager to "come up sometime" that he is panting in the nostrils. But Mae's a dame what takes her time.

Her opulent hips (padded, my dear) were sheathed in a clinging petunia colored velvet dressing gown which frankly told all. Mae turned on the heat, the cameras began to sizzle and Mr. Taylor began to burn. She shifted from left to right in a series of undulations that would turn the North Pole into Hot Springs, and then she gave him the famous Westian eye business—down on his shoes, his ankle, his knee,

[*Continued on page* 56]

Who Will Be *the* QUEEN *of* Hollywood?

By Muriel Babcock

If Mary Pickford Abdicates—What Then, Little Man?

WHERE will we find the next royal home of Hollywood society, should Pickfair happen to go on the block?

Who will succeed to the crown worn until now in great dignity and formal simplicity by Mary Pickford—almost from the moment of her marriage, thirteen years ago, to Douglas Fairbanks?

A few chance lines in a gossip column—"Mary Pickford is planning her last party at Pickfair. It will be a sumptuous, formal occasion and will no doubt mark the passing of Pickfair as the hospitable home of the great visitors to movieland"—set me to wondering about the future of Hollywood social leadership. Wondering, as you have, no doubt, since you heard of the crash of the Pickford-Fairbanks dynasty.

Will lovely, dignified Norma Shearer, will merry-hearted, generous Marion Davies, will the poised, brilliant Ruth Chatterton, or—perchance a man, Gary Cooper—succeed to the dictatorship of Hollywood? Unless, of course, Mary discounts all rumors and keeps Pickfair running again this winter in the sumptuous style of the past.

A social leader in America today, and this should hold true of Hollywood too, is one who has ancestors, the prominence of achievement, or who possesses a large sum of money.

Mary, Norma, Ruth and Gary all have one or more of those qualifications. Then there is, if it should care to be reckoned with, the Barrymore family. Dolores Costello Barrymore, if she wanted to, might qualify. She is young, beautiful, of a famous stage family and is married to a brilliant, wealthy and famous scion of another stage family. Here are real aristocrats of Hollywood.



Mary rules by her beauty, her prestige and her flair for selecting the right people.

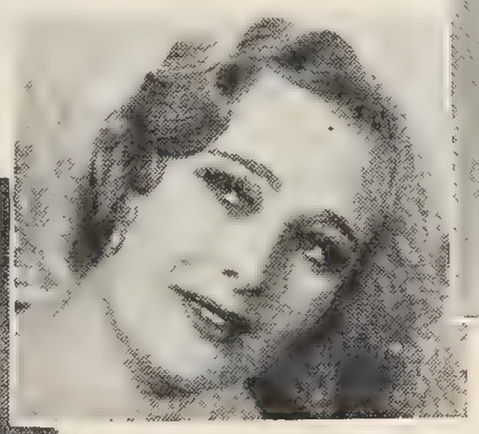
There is, too, Marie Dressler, who belongs in the Social Register, and whose best friend was, for years, the great social queen, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.



Marion Davies, a hostess to the famous.



Tallulah Bankhead established a social cult in London: "Tea at Tallulah's."



Beautiful Mrs. John Barrymore may rule Hollywood society.



Norma Shearer could be the queen if she wished.

All of these people mentioned have qualifications of varying kinds for the job. For it is a job. Before telling you about them, let's draw a brief picture of the way Pickfair has functioned—an imaginary picture, say, of the "last party," should Mary decide not to continue her social activity and keep her crown.

Guests will travel to Pickfair, a simple, unpretentious looking white house from

[*Continued on page* 60]

Watching Stars at

How They Act When They Are Acting.



Anna Sten, the newcomer, with Mitchell Lewis in "Nana."



As good as "Seventh Heaven"—Frank Borzage directs "A Man's Castle" with Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy, and again makes a great picture.



"Without Glory" is Constance Bennett's last picture for Radio. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her.

SUCH a spell of unusual weather as we've been having out here! The sets are literally blazing infernos. Everybody is in a bad humor and nobody speaks to anybody else, except the visitors from Podunk and Squeegee, who are used to humidity back home and who still find it all too, too wonderful.

At Columbia

TWO sets roused me from my torpor. One of them was at Columbia—no less! —and was erected for "A Man's Castle," which not only has Frank Borzage for director but that swell actor Spencer Tracy for the star and Loretta Young, who's certainly improving by leaps and bounds with every new part she plays, for the leading lady.

But that set! I've seen impressive ones in my time but this is probably the most picturesque one ever erected. It's called a "depression camp" and is laid on the banks of the East River in New York. Now, you might think a depression camp (the home of a lot of down-on-their-luckers with no place to live) would be very depressing and uninteresting, but far from it.

It's nothing but a lot of lean-to's. The roofs are weighted down with over-turned baskets, bricks, washtubs, cracker boxes, broken chairs, sticks, worn-out brooms, pipes and what-have-you. An entire stage has been converted into this camp. Dirt has been piled on the floor, whole hills thrown up and, at one end, a shallow stream of water has been constructed along the floor which, when photographed, will fool you into thinking you're seeing the East River. Shrubs are growing up out of the floor. There is a clothesline with a man's shirt and a pair of long drawers hanging on it, to give the place a lifelike atmosphere.

It is a night shot and in the background (and the whole background is constructed in what is called "miniature"—that is, the buildings and all are scaled down so that when the camera photographs them they will seem to be as far in the distance as though they really were a mile or two away) is New York's sky-line—the Woolworth Building and the Empire State Building (with even the light atop it) and other noted structures! The Brooklyn Bridge is there and below it, running at an angle and dwarfed in comparison, is another bridge over which a miniature train runs. There is the sound of the river swishing.

Spencer's shack is on top of one of the hills. A guard rail made of two strands of barbed wire runs along the path leading up to it. Hardboiled set-visitor that I am, I gasped and gulped and my throat tightened. This isn't a reproduction of New York—it *is* New York and the work and ingenuity that must have gone into the construction of this scene gets you.

Spence is a footloose roamer, irresponsible and hating restraint of any kind. At the moment, to make ends meet, he is dressed in full evening clothes (silk hat, cane and all) and wearing a sandwich board advertising a certain brand of cigar. "Why," you ask, "the evening clothes?" Because, my dears, if you saw a man in evening dress wearing a sandwich board you'd turn around to look at him, whereas if he had on dilapidated clothes you'd pay no attention.

In his wanderings he encounters Trina (Loretta Young) who has no place to go. So big-hearted Spence offers her half his bed and board. They have just reached the camp and he is showing her the lay-out. "Here we are, Whoosis," he announces. "Bagdale on the Hudson—the fastest growing community in the East. Some day when I'm in the mood I'm going to start a Chamber of Commerce to tell the world about it. How do you like it?"

"Gee!" says Loretta enthusiastically, "it's swell!" She looks out over the squalid little settlement and her enthusiasm mounts. "I've been here a whole year and never even knew there was a place like this."

"That's the best part of it," Spence answers, his face glowing, "the privacy. No rent, no taxes—no nothing. It's the only way to live. Running water (pointing to the river—a whole river of it. And," he adds impressively, "the joint is simply lousy with southern exposure."

To my way of thinking Spencer Tracy is the best actor on the screen today. There's *nobody* who reads lines with the naturalness he does.

"Hey, mugg," he says coming over when

the WORK

By S. R. Mook

the scene is finished, "I thought you were coming up to dinner last month when I saw you."

"I was," I mutter. "I might just as well tell you the truth: I forgot." And a dull red suffuses my mobile face.

From the set of "A Man's Castle" I wander over to the next stage which gave me a thrill, where Helen Twelvetrees, Wallace Ford and Victor Jory are acting in "My Woman." This is the picture Nancy Carroll walked out of when she went to Honolulu. Helen is home today playing with the baby and Wally Ford is laid up with blood poisoning, so Victor Jory is holding down the fort.

There is nothing startlingly new about the plot but it's a good one with several novel situations, and it is the sort of thing both Helen and Wally do best. They are married. He is a shiftless, lazy, ex-vaudevillian, vain and egotistical. On a steamer going through the Canal with them is Jory, head of a big broadcasting chain. Helen meets him and asks for an audition for Wally. She finally gets him on the radio and eventually his big chance comes. He's a sensation and, of course, gets the swelled head. Several times he arrives for his broadcast in a drunken condition. Once he is so intoxicated he knocks over the microphone. The next day the sponsor of his program (Joseph Girard) arrives at the station. He and Jory are in the latter's office—a modernistic affair with silver-striped walls and low furniture. In the window is a bronze nude.

"Is that nude a reproduction of a famous statue?" I ask Victor Schertzinger, the director.

"It's a genuine bronze," he replies, "and here's something funny: I've a bisque reproduction of it in my home."

The lights are set and the scene starts.

"It's an absolute imposition, Mr. Bradley," Girard storms to Jory. "We're spend-

[*Continued on page 64*]



The much discussed "Design for Living," with Franklin Pangborn, Miriam Hopkins and Thomas Graydon.



"The House on 56th Street," a *gay nineties* story with Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.



The picture "Penthouse" gives George E. Stone a "killer" rôle, Warner Baxter has the rôle of a detective.

Bob Meets the

When Robert Montgomery Made a "Personal Appearance," the Girls Came in Crowds.



The sprightly verve of Bob on the screen is the *real* Bob.

ON A hot afternoon in late summer, I went to see Robert Montgomery. He was then making personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre in New York, and, for several days past, scraps of information concerning his sensational welcome there had been leaping up at me from every newspaper I chanced upon.

At each performance the theatre was packed to overflowing. Apparently Mr. Montgomery was serving as a magnet to draw more money into the Capitol coffers than had any single film star before him. In the unique language of "Mr. Glogauer of the Movies," it was COLOSSAL! And I had thought there was a depression going on.

With such far-flung popularity and success to set his sails, naturally it was with blithe assurance that I forced a path through the hungry (not in a dietary sense) group of pretty girls and eager matrons who blocked the stage entrance.

At the head of a flight of cold stone steps, in a tiny cubby-hole of a dressing-room, I found the cause of all this excitement—a tall, slim chap, with large clear blue eyes, light brown hair, a fair skin and as genial a smile as I've encountered on the face of any man.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said after we shook hands, "but I've almost lost my voice. The cooling system in the theatre has done things to my throat." And he patted the offending member gingerly.

"My editor promised me that you would be gay, insouciant and charming," I admonished him none too gently. "I might have known you'd go and have a toothache or something."

"No, just a sore throat," he said soothingly. "You won't mind if I lie down, will you?"—suiting the ac-

CUSTOMERS

By Lenore Samuels



tion to the words with the deliberate ease of a thoroughly healthy individual determined to make the most of a temporary indisposition.

"Go right ahead. I've always had a yen to try out my bedside manner on a good-looking young man."

"I'm sure you'll do very well indeed," he assured me with a puckish grin as he reached out and dragged the nearest chair closer to his couch. "I have to conserve my voice, you see."

I saw, or, at least, I heard. My boasted feminine intuition also warned me that perhaps this exceedingly gracious young man might have preferred sleeping or reading or gargling his sensitive throat during these few hours allotted him between five performances each day, but I very wisely refrained from letting him know how intuitive I was.

And so, as they say in the legal profession, we got down to cases.

"Are you surprised at the ovation you're receiving during this 'personal appearance' engagement?"

Books are a large part of Montgomery's life. His sophistication has brought him unaffected simplicity.

He nodded his head so emphatically there was no need for an answer.

"Well, then, are you being bothered by the crowds that haunt the stage doors begging for a sight of you?"

"H'm! I'd be a good deal more bothered if they weren't there at all! The worry is that there may come a time when they won't be there. . . ." His voice trailed off into space and I said nothing knowing that Time, in its flight, sometimes behaves most perversely.

"Have you ever studied mob psychology?" I went on. "What sort of people do you suppose they are—these anxious autograph hunters, I mean, who hang around for hours waiting for the briefest glimpse of a celebrity?"

He parried my question with another.

"Haven't you ever hung around the street waiting for a prominent person to show up?"

Sheepishly I had to confess to a full hour spent around the Hotel Astor waiting for President Roosevelt to put in an appearance that never materialized.

"And I once waited hours for a glimpse of President Coolidge," Mr. Montgomery informed me with a sorry shake of his head, "only to learn that 'in person' he was just as disappointing as his unkindest critics have accused him of being."

"At least your curiosity was gratified," I said. "But these crowds downstairs—do they ever catch a view of you coming or going? I felt sorry for them when I came in, it was so warm on the street and they looked so eager and hopeful."

"The other night," said Montgomery, "coming from dinner at Sardi's, I stayed

[*Continued on page* 58]

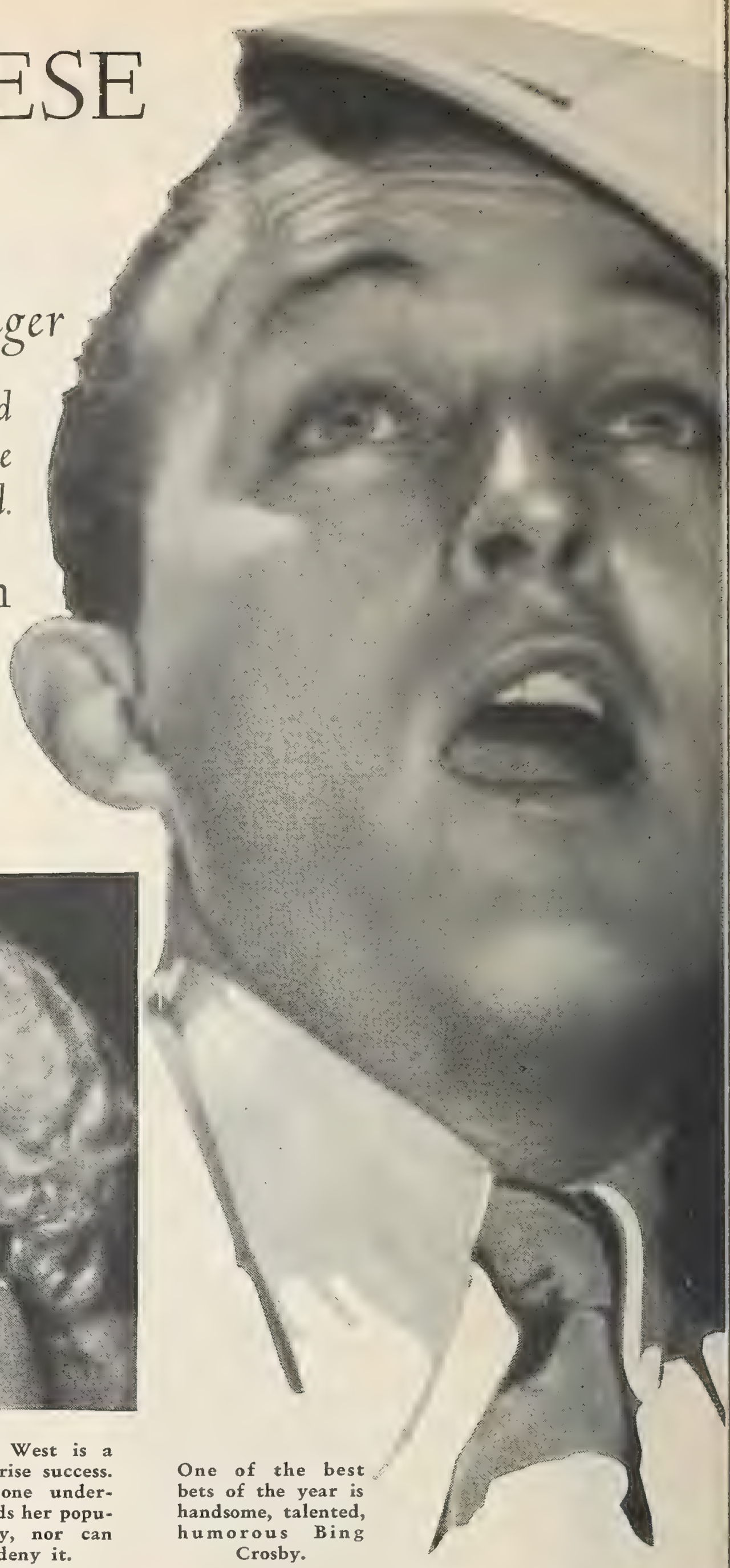
The "finest leading man" is a husky tennis playing six footer, but his gentle manner makes you forget his inches.

"Watch These Stars—"

Says Walter Wanger

The Man Who Has Picked Many Winners Selects the Most Promising Stars of Hollywood.

By Maude Cheatham



"THE day of the beautiful dumbell is over. It takes talent to win success on the screen now."

So says Walter Wanger, dynamic young production executive, who has been a forceful influence in motion pictures ever since he became affiliated with them in 1920.

Wanger is always the pioneer and he is responsible for many of the forward steps in the film industry. Sincere, and with the courage of his convictions, he is ever eager to fight to win his goal, ever ready to gamble on some new personality, story or innovation that looks promising.

While bubbling with enthusiasm, he is level headed and practical. He has no slams for past failures or mistakes, and he is optimistic as to the future. He thinks motion pictures the most exciting and most progressive of all industries.

I caught Mr. Wanger in his "watch tower" office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other morning, and, sandwiched in between previewing a reel of a new film, conferences with two directors and, at least, a dozen phone calls, I gathered enough material to fill a volume of movie history. He is a fluent talker and I hate to leave out a word, for everything he said was interesting and his comments, touching many screen favorites, were illuminating.



Mae West is a surprise success. No one understands her popularity, nor can deny it.



Elusive, mischievous Miriam Hopkins, who has one of the brightest futures in pictures.

One of the best bets of the year is handsome, talented, humorous Bing Crosby.

"It doesn't require genius to find new personalities and new talents," he said. "Hollywood is full of both. There is no question that personality is ninety percent of success on either stage or screen—a player must have that indefinable *something* that captures the interest and intrigues the imagination of the audience. There must, however, be talent to back this up.

"Silent pictures were merely a manufacturing process and didn't depend upon acting ability. Physical

beauty and appeal sufficed. But, with the coming of sound to the films, there was a demand for dramatic technique to insure sustained careers. A few silent players made good, but many stage trained actors were drafted to take the places of those who depended wholly on looks to get by.

"Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo are two glorious exceptions. Neither have had stage experience, but both are women of rare intelligence and possess so much creative imagination that they have set a swift pace for even theatre trained stars to follow. They are students of their art and take their careers seriously, recognizing a responsibility to the vast audiences that have acclaimed them.

"We have stars, writers, directors and technicians who are skilled. Talent abounds. The point now is to co-ordinate. It isn't temperamental stars we have to deal with in Hollywood; it is temperamental and often ignorant men in charge who hinder the development of motion pictures.

"Now that we have sound, I believe pictures should subsidize the theatre. After all, they are basically the same. Both stage and screen will be enriched when players can go back and forth between the two, getting fresh inspiration from each medium. I've always contended that if an actor can hold a theatre audience, he can do the same in a screen play. Granting that sometimes the camera detracts or increases the personality of the player, the fact remains that acting and dramatic talent are the same in essence whether given directly over the footlights or via the screen.

"I was Production Manager of Paramount Studio for ten years and when sound came in I was responsible for bringing many stage stars to the screen. I recall when I decided to see what Jimmy Durante could do in films. My associates said I was crazy, but Durante had been bowling over revues and night clubs with a special brand of humor and I was convinced he could do the same in films. He was anxious to try it too, and was tremendously serious about the whole thing. We put him in a picture, 'Road House Nights,' and his success fully justified my opinion. Durante still interests me as much as any screen personality and I consider him a genius with overwhelming talents.

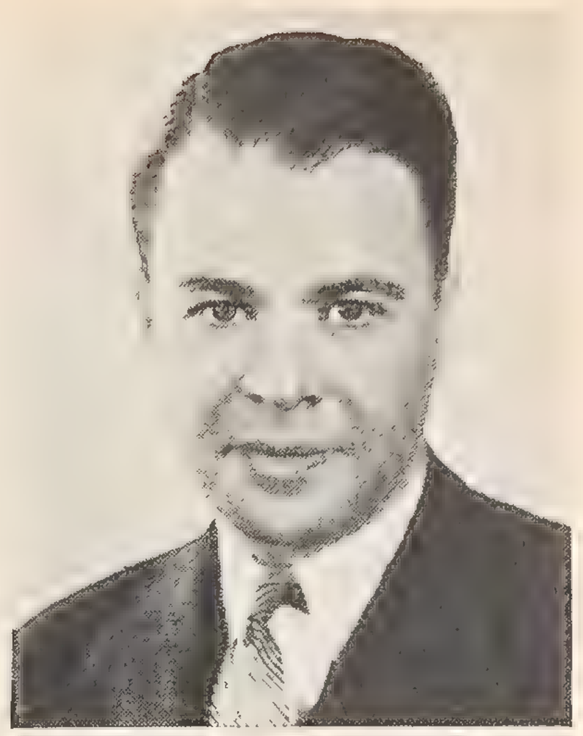
"Miriam Hopkins, on the New York stage, displayed a sparkle and an elusive quality that would enhance the screen. We tried her out in a little film, 'Fast and Loose,' and she fulfilled our expectations even though the picture was not so good. Chevalier was due to make 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' and Ernst Lubitsch, who was to direct it, gave Miriam a chance in that. The result is screen history. She is one of the rarely talented film players we have today.



"There are still-to-come conquests for Jean Harlow," says Walter Wanger.

"Claudette Colbert invariably suggested glamour on the stage and there was no reason why, with her youth and beauty, she should not carry it to the screen. Her first picture, 'The Lady Lies,' proved this. Claudette is *Glamour* —personified.

"Here's something amusing. Every actress we took from the stage, Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, to mention but a few, were deathly afraid of the screen, *afraid* of Hollywood. They wouldn't sign a contract unless there was a clause saying they could return to the stage when they wished. Yet not one of them went back. There's an excitement in motion pictures, a greater variety of rôles, more money and world fame. Who can resist such a combination?"



Walter Wanger, now Associate Producer of M-G-M and directly in charge of Garbo's new picture.

Mr. Wanger tells, with a laugh, how he was responsible for the re-discovery of Lee Tracy. Lee had been dropped by Warner Brothers following "The Blessed Event" and seemed out in the cold, cinematically speaking. Wanger engaged him for "Night Mayor" and he turned in such a grand job that he was soon off to what has proven to be one of the most spectacular careers of the screen. All he needed was a boost and "Night Mayor" gave it to him.

It was Wanger, too, who borrowed Nils Asther for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," in which he made a sensation. Now he is being starred, the result of another boost at the critical hour.

"I consider the Marx Brothers among our greatest artists. We gambled with them several years ago, for one picture. Gambled, you understand, with Paramount and its resources back of us. At the time we felt that one film would go well in New York, Chicago and a few other large cities where these comedians were known as popular vaudeville headliners. Well, we were due for a big surprise, for the film made a tremendous hit all over the country and even became an international success, showing for twelve weeks in London, where the Marxes had failed dismally in their one vaudeville appearance.

"Why was this? No one knows. No one knows what movie audiences want, they don't even know themselves. They think they want this or that, but when it is handed to them on the golden platter, they go trailing off to another theatre were something entirely different is being shown. No one knew they wanted Mae West—or 'She Done Him Wrong.' Probably if audiences had been asked, they would have said, 'We want our heroines slim and willowy; we want our plays up to date; we yearn for refined fun.'

Yet look at the riot Mae and her picture have created.

"Perhaps it is a surprise quality in star or story that movie patrons like. People absorb so rapidly [*Continued on next page*]



Franchot Tone has vindicated Mr. Wanger's wisdom; and Loretta Young is his pride and joy. Franchot and Loretta in "Midnight Mary" were delightful.

these days. When they want something, they go out and get it in such large quantities that they are soon satiated and begin looking for something new. So the screen must keep supplying some novelty, some fresh angle to please them. Too, I believe there must be glamour and romance throbbing through all motion picture entertainment in order to catch the public's fancy."

Mr. Wanger describes Hollywood as the backstage of a vast theatre, an exciting, busy work shop. But backstage offers only the theatre atmosphere, with its gossip, its politics, its heartaches and triumphs. When the show is over it is good for players to get away from behind the scenes long enough to get a fresh perspective. He says that is where Chevalier is so smart. He makes a couple of films, then goes to Paris and back to the stage, and thus never gets stale.

"Chevalier is a great chap," said Mr. Wanger. "I first met him in Paris, soon after the war, at dinner with a mutual friend, Wally Johnson, of the American Embassy. I was tremendously attracted to him at that time, but, of course, neither of us dreamed that within a very few years Jesse Lasky would bring him to America, and that we would be so intimately associated in pictures.

"Lubitsch is another remarkable man. He is one of the greatest forces in this business and I hope to see him become a producer as well as a director. With his keen sense of dramatic values his judgment would be invaluable in the production of pictures."

When I asked Mr. Wanger which, of all the pictures he had supervised he considered the best, his reply was quick and emphatic. "'The Royal Family' and 'Laughter.' Each held a particular charm for me and I am proud of my share in their success. However, 'The Letter,' supervised by Monte Bell, is perhaps my favorite picture. In fact, I do not believe this has ever been topped in point of dramatic and emotional climaxes. *Jeanne Eagles,* what an artist she was! She was ill during the filming of the picture but insisted on keeping on. It was amazing to watch her as the great actress rising to thrilling emotion and power before the cameras, only to droop into a sick little girl the minute they stopped clicking. Both stage and screen lost something very precious, very fine with her passing.

"And Jean Harlow, there's a *star!* Just watch her. It was Charles Laughton who suggested Jean for the rôle of *Alice,* in 'Alice in Wonderland.' I agree that this would be an inspired choice, for she would not only be the pictorial ideal but she also has the rare dramatic powers so necessary for *Alice's* portrayal.

"Loretta Young is another of my favorites. I consider her among the most promising of our younger players. She has 'class,' and distinction; she glows with an inner radiance, and her beauty is fairly breath-taking at times.

"Joan Crawford has not yet reached her pinnacle. Joan burns with ambition and masters each rung as she climbs to the top."

This year is destined to be especially eventful in screen history, so Mr. Wanger believes, and he hopes one of the high lights will be the luring of Noel Coward to films. In him, says Mr. Wanger, will be found not only a new personality but an actor of individuality who would prove a great asset to motion pictures.

Among the players that he expects to make the most important strides are Bing Crosby, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Loretta Young, Franchot Tone, Miriam Hopkins and May Robson, grand character actress who is having her chance, at last, to prove that films appreciate acting at its finest.

To my question as to whom he considered the greatest personality so far developed on the screen, Mr. Wanger paused a moment, then replied, "There have been three; Mary Pickford, who for years was truly America's Sweetheart; Rudolph Valentino, who spelled Romance as no one else has been able to do, and Greta Garbo, our greatest star today.

"Garbo is remarkably like Isadora Duncan, in artistry and in temperament. Both, beyond criticism. Both, honest and sincere. Both, inspired."

Mr. Wanger laughed, "You had better not get me started on Greta Garbo, for I am one of her most ardent devotees. I have always admired her acting, her dignity and courage, and now that I am associated with her—you know, I am supervising her new picture, 'Queen Christina'—I find her a wholly delightful woman. True, she is moody, she is shy and reticent. These are characteristics of the Swedish people. My wife comes from that country, and I have many Swedish friends, so I appreciate the temperament. But among those she knows and likes, Miss Garbo is a charming, entertaining woman and a gracious companion. She loves pictures and is well informed on every angle of the business. She has no conceit, no false vanity and she does not like to be yes-ed. You'll admit it takes supreme courage to stand by and see herself misunderstood, criticised and condemned merely because she insists on living her life as she pleases and refuses to babble her private affairs all over the front pages. Garbo could not live in a crowded atmosphere and her diffidence is absolutely sincere, it is not a pose.

"'Queen Christina' was Miss Garbo's own idea, she suggested it and has spent months in research during its development. She is more interested in it than any picture she has ever made. On her return to Hollywood, she viewed Marlene Dietrich's film, 'The Song of Songs,' directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and was so pleased with its subtlety and delicacy and especially with the handling of the romance, that she asked for Mamoulian for her picture. I firmly believe this combination will prove the most brilliant that has ever been achieved between star and director.

"Mamoulian is thirty-two years of age, of Armenian birth but Russian education, and an artist to his finger tips. He directed some of the New York Theatre Guild plays and I brought him to the screen because I felt we needed his fresh and original viewpoint, and his courage.

"'Christina' offers Greta every opportunity for her talents. It tells the story of a 17th century Queen of Sweden, who lived a 20th century life. It is vivid and dramatic."

Walter Wanger began his career early, when, at the age of twenty, he formed a partnership with Nazimova, to produce her in "Ception Shoals." Now, at thirty-nine, he has brought his splendid executive ability to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staff. He told me in his quick, emphatic way, "This is the most amazing organzation, with terrific strength back of it. Everyone from the highest official to the least technician, strives for high quality in each picture. As I say, no one knows what the public wants. A bit of lunatic comedy, stark tragedy, political intrigue, a horror picture, sweet romance or a gangster struggle may strike public favor. But aways, there must be a realism that carries the audience along with it.

"It is a huge gamble. Perhaps that's one of its pulls. Once in the business few willingly leave it. There are heartbreaks and disappointments that equal its triumphs—but over it all is drama. And how we all love drama."



While Claudette Colbert was recovering from her attack of appendicitis, we took her picture. She's off on location now, making "Four Frightened People."

TRACING the TRAVELS of TRACY

By Jack Jamison



"Miss Lonely-hearts," in which he directs the lovelorn, is Lee's next.

EVERY star in Hollywood owes his success to personality, but that old saw holds truest of all for Lee Tracy. Personality—his mile-a-minute conversation, his zippy wise-cracks, his bouncing energy, his snapping fingers—is what Lee has to offer to the screen.

All of us want personality, so we're naturally curious as to where Lee got his. His life so far hasn't been measured in months and years, like most of our lives, but in a chain of adventures, and all of them exciting.

Lee's father was a railroad executive. He was moved around the country a lot, and Lee's life, from his boyhood up, reads much like a railroad time-table—Arrive 8:03 A. M., Leave 9:01 A. M., you know, like that. From the time he was a baby, his family moved to a new city regularly once every four years. Lee's life and adventures can be traced by the towns he lived in. For instance:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Not many people have adventures when they're only one year old, but Lee had one, at that age, in Atlanta, where the family was living at the time. A colored nurse, a gigantic woman as black as coal, used to take him out for a ride in his baby-buggy every afternoon. Her name was Campaspe. Campaspe had a gentleman friend, down the street from the Tracy's house, a colored man named George, who was a gardener for one of the neighbors. She used to park Lee in his buggy out on the sidewalk, and go in for a chat with George.

The street happened to be on a hill. One afternoon the brake on the baby-buggy let go, while Campaspe was visiting her friend, and Lee, in his buggy, started rolling down the hill, going faster and faster with every foot. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was a lamp-post at the bottom of the hill. The baby-buggy brought up against it with a crash, and Lee sailed through the air. As they say, after an accident, there were no fatalities; but Lee's adventuring, you see, can really be said to have started when he was no more than a year old.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

They moved from Atlanta to Louisville when Lee was 4. Just before they moved from Louisville he was 8. And, just before he was 8, Lee became a local hero.

The family's house in Louisville was next to a bunch of vacant lots, on which a fine crop of weeds flourished. During the summer the weeds dried out, and, as was more or less inevitable, one day somebody tossed a match or a cigarette-butt into them, and they caught on fire. A solid sheet of flame was roaring down on the Tracys' house inside of an incredibly few seconds. Lee was alone in the house with his mother, who was upstairs in bed, recovering from a dangerous appendicitis operation. Most small boys of 8 would have gone to pieces. Lee did not. Keeping his head, he told his mother not to worry, trotted to the corner, smashed the little glass in the red fire-alarm box and turned in an alarm, and trotted back home to tell his mother that it was all right; the fire-engines would be there in a minute. And they were!

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

From Louisville the railroad transferred Lee's father to Kansas City. Lee arrived there dressed in a cowboy outfit that was complete even to goatskin *chaps*. He thought he was in Indian territory for sure! But there were no Indians, so, for the time being he had to stop having adventures. The only adventure he had was to get himself elected captain of the school baseball team, and this he accomplished by studying the game from a rule-book.

Moving so often from town to town, he had never gotten in with a crowd of children his own age and he did not know how to play any boys' games. So he bought the rule-book, a ball, and a mitt, and sneaked off by himself after school in the afternoons, where the other boys couldn't see him. There, alone, he practised catching the ball—tossing it up on the roof and catching it when it fell off. It is a slightly absurd picture, and, at the same time, it catches you by the throat—the small, tow-headed, lonely boy trying desperately to learn to be like the other boys. Soon he was umpiring every sand-lot game the kids in the neighborhood played. It really sounds like a Horatio Alger story, but within a very few months he was not only the steady "ump," but team captain as well.

Maybe Lee's screen success isn't such an accident after all!

ALTON, ILLINOIS

After an eventful session in a St. Louis high school, Lee's travels brought him to a military academy in this town. On his very first day there he was caught smoking. In six months more he was down for every crime on the list—tardiness, not keeping his room clean, sloppy uniform, all of them.

But then, suddenly, something happened to him. To the commandant's astonishment, overnight he turned into a modest cadet. The reason was that, by this time the war was on. When he reached the

[*Continued on page* 53]

LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES

in

MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun







3 BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"

MUSIC! BEAUTY! ROMANCE!

with

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS

B. G. DESYLVA Production

Directed by David Butler

Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva

FOX

John Miehle

DOROTHY LEE

THE witchery of Dot is not confined to Hallowe'en or to "Take a Chance," which she made recently. After her two years in vaudeville, she is back with Wheeler and Woolsey, and working on a l. t. contract for Radio, with only time out to feed her Thanksgiving chickens.

Ernest A. Bachrach

Elmer Fryer

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS

DICK'S vacation in the Indian country this year so inspired him that he is quite excited over the plan to do "Massacre" next. How well he is looking! Success, which dogs Richard's footsteps year after year, cannot change him, nor adulation steal from him his modest charm.



KATHARINE HEPBURN

"MORNING GLORY" made a tremendous success. It played to one hundred and fifty-four thousand people in one week at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City. The tender pity that Katharine stirred in our hearts for the little heroine, promises well for "Little Women."



Elwood Bredell

RICHARD ARLEN JULIE HAYDON

WE LIKE "location" pictures and loathe trick shots. Dick Arlen and Julie Haydon actually travelled to the vast wheat fields near Pendleton, Oregon, to make "Golden Harvest." Julie Haydon, the girl who looks like Ann Harding, scans the far horizon as Dick points the way to a golden harvest in pictures.



ANNA STEN

AFTER months of patient study, Anna is ready now to make a picture in English. An adaptation of "Nana," by Zola, will form the basis of her first film. This beautiful German girl is expected to outshine all other imported stars. Which is pretty tough on Garbo, Dietrich, and Lilian Harvey. She is lovely enough, certainly, so let her win if she can, and welcome.





JACK LA RUE

JACK is a western hoss-opera villain now in "To The Last Man," and he takes it in his stride. Since his forceful personality first appeared on the screen, he has tackled many parts, mostly mean, and made each vicious rôle shudderingly real.

Above, Jack LaRue in "The Story of Temple Drake," with Florence Eldridge and Miriam Hopkins. Below, Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes and Jack in "Farewell to Arms." As the priest who understood impetuous lovers, LaRue was unforgettable.



LILIAN HARVEY

LEW AYRES

IF "MY WEAKNESS" has as gay an atmosphere as these pictures indicate, Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres have a success to put up with. Here is no panic-stricken stranger trying to make good, but a rollicking, beautiful spirit, poised and confident. We are glad that Lew, too, has a break.



FIRST
STILL

UNDER the direction of Rouben Mamoulian, the much talked of picture which signalizes Garbo's return to the screen is now under way at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.



GARBO AT WORK ON "QUEEN CHRISTINA"

THIS exclusive photograph shows Greta Garbo as Queen Christina, in a scene with C. Aubrey Smith. The story of "Queen Christina" is based upon the life of a Swedish ruler of the picturesque years, when every garment was a "costume." It is in this picture that John Gilbert plays the part of a Spanish nobleman—lover of the queen. Mamoulian, the director, is seated on the stool at the right. (See story on page 16.)



Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory," the picture which introduced a new method in story telling.

"A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young, promises to be a sensation.

SPENCER TRACY

MORE *Power* and more *Glory* to Spencer, who has come through as one of our best picture players. His versatility enables him to wear a sailor's cap in "Shanghai Madness" and a silk topper in "A Man's Castle."

Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN HARLOW

THIS is the swimming pool of Jean's new house—and Jean herself. She has a great deal to smile about, for the notices of "Dinner at Eight" were very complimentary, and "Bombshell" is already winning favorable comments.



Ernest A. Bachrach

BRUCE CABOT BETTY FURNESS

"Midshipman Jack" and his trouble.



JOHN WARBURTON HEATHER ANGEL

They're in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."



CLAIRE TREVOR GEORGE O'BRIEN

"The Last Trail," with George and virtue triumphant.



ADOLPHE MENJOU BENITA HUME

"The Worst Woman in Paris" and the old tempter.



HELEN VINSON GEORGE RAFT

It's "Midnight Club," and who's afraid.



JUDITH ALLEN BING CROSBY

In "Too Much Harmony." Why, that's impossible!



PAT O'BRIEN MAE CLARKE

"Flaming Gold," and Pat up to his tricks again.



MARGARET SULLAVAN JOHN BOLES

It seems that "Only Yesterday" is the title





Character studies of Charlie in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men."

Robert W. Coburn

CHARLES FARRELL

"AGGIE APPLEBY, Maker of Men" is Charlie's new picture for Radio. He has been studying steadily since he left Fox, and great things are in store for him.

HANDS THAT CARESS MUST BE ALLURINGLY SMOOTH

Hands always play a leading role in love . . . from the first lingering hand-clasp, the first embrace. This is why screen stars keep their hands so alluringly smooth . . . why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.** Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs so little!

•



FRANCES FULLER'S beautifully smooth hands add much to her charm. With GARY COOPER in Paramount's "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON."

NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face . . . by makers o Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, *floats out dirt* . . . 40c, 55



Kenneth Alexander

RUSS COLOMBO

Begins his screen career in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."



Ernest A. Bachr

SARI MARITZA

Cast in "Beautiful," with Ann Harding



MIMI LAWLOR

Educational Pictures discovers a beauty for their comedies.



Kenneth Alexa

GEORGE BANCROFT

Twentieth Century Pictures sees in George just the man for "Blood M

"Sh-h! I'm Happily Married"

Fay Wray Has a Tough Time With Monsters, But Gets Along O.K. at Home.

By Ben Maddox

LOVE, as grandma talks about it, seems to have had about as much chance in career-bent Hollywood as a dowdy gown in La ("Streamline") Crawford's fall wardrobe. I mean love—the *real* thing!

What with so many divorces and separations, to "preserve" mutual respect, annoying us lately, most of us have been ready to adopt Mae West's creed that love is just a losing racket for a movie girl and you're going to get your fingers burned if you play.

Then Fay Wray eases into the spotlight and completely upsets the theory that husbands and lady stars won't mix!

Now Fay isn't a newcomer. She's been acting in the movies for quite awhile. But it didn't seem to make much difference. A pleasant-enough ingenue, her spot was a modest one, in the background.

All of a sudden she has been given some meaty rôles, and her excellent work forces us to realize that she has evolved astonishingly. Today, recognized as a first-rate actress, she is right up in the definitely important class. In the money, too, with contracts at both Twentieth Century and Columbia and frequent calls from the other major studios to be filled in her leisure.

When we stop to figure the how and why, we come smack against the fact that it is her happy marriage which is directly responsible for her increased charm and ability.

She doesn't want to emphasize her success in love. Fay is a little superstitious, claiming that those who have bragged the loudest have tempted the gods. She is content to be thankful in private. And that is why you have never once heard her discourse on how to catch or hold a man, standard topics for interviews.

Yet last June she celebrated, quietly, her fifth wedding anniversary! Maybe the disillusioned cynics are wrong. Look what love has done for Fay!

It has transformed her from an extraordinarily shy, vague girl into a poised young woman of depth and understanding. It has taught her to think courageously and it has given her marvelous inspiration.

"I used to be guided by my intuition rather than by intelligence," she frankly

[*Continued on page 72*]



John Monk Saunders, playwright and director.

Fay's happy marriage to John Monk Saunders is not a publicity gesture, but a real romance of two happy people and the world well lost.



Wide World

Primo Carnera and Max Baer in a fight scene from "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." The law forbids shipping real fight films, so smart old M-G-M has taken the boys in action, to show the fans just how the world's Heavyweight Champion and the Contender match up. Jack Dempsey referees the fight in the picture, which turns out to be a draw.

MORE

THAT robin's egg blue car you see chasing across the country belongs to Georgie Raft, and that dark young man at the wheel is Georgie. He has a month's vacation from his studio and has decided to drive to New York and give Broadway the once over—and incidentally let Broadway give him the once over.

THE greatest sensation that has been made on the Metro lot was caused by Ed Wynn asking the publicity office to send more sight-seers over to his set. Poor dear Mr. Wynn doesn't know yet that a movie star is supposed to growl every time a tourist or a writer comes on his set.

JACK OAKIE calls Bing Crosby "The Groaner," which is a very good name for him if you happen to be one of those people who dislikes crooners.

WAIT'LL you see it! Whew—and a couple of *oh boys!* That spider web negligee Mae West wears in "I'm No Angel," with a big rhinestone spider placed just so on it!!!

JEANETTE MACDONALD will dance in "The Cat and the Fiddle" and Barbara Stanwyck and Carole Lombard will sing in their next little opuses, respectively entitled "Broadway and Back" and "The White Woman." If you haven't sung—or danced—in a picture these days, well, you can't belong to our club.

LORETTA YOUNG is being seen around a lot with Spencer Tracy these days—and nights. Guess you heard that Spencer and his Missus have come to the parting of the ways.

the Cocoanut Grove Jimmy gets the credit, or the discredit, and it makes things sort of hard for Mrs. Jimmy Cagney. Bill was getting awfully sick of this mistaken identity himself until the other day when he really got a break. He was walking to the Green Room on the Warner lot when a stranger came up to him and stuck a ten dollar bill in his hand.

"Thanks, Jimmy," said the stranger, "that's the ten bucks I borrowed from you last year in New York."

Now Bill has decided that the mistaken identity business may be remunerative after all.

JACK OAKIE and Judith Allen were walking into the Paramount restaurant together while "Too Much Harmony" was in production. Judith was carrying her Pekingese, which happens to be a breed of dog that Mr. Oakie just can't admire under any conditions.

"You'd better leave that thing out here," Jack said to her. "Look at that sign on the door. NRA. It



Acme

Marie Dressler stops at the mike, as she attends the premiere of "Dinner at Eight," to say a word to her friends everywhere.

RAMON NOVARRO insists there is nothing "serious" between him and Myrna Loy, but Ramon never misses a day visiting Myrna at the studio.

JIMMY CAGNEY'S next picture will be "The Finger Man" and he'll have two leading ladies, Mae Clarke and Patricia Ellis. In one of his early pictures Jimmy once socked Mae Clarke in the face with a grapefruit, and the sock was heard round the world as every newspaper reviewer commented upon it. It was the first time a "dame" had ever been socked so effectively on the screen. The first day of "The Finger Man," when Mae and Jimmy were going over their lines together on the set, a huge box of grapefruit arrived. Everybody laughed but Mae.

BILL CAGNEY, Jimmy's brother, has had a lot of interesting and exciting experiences since he arrived in Hollywood because he is the very "spittin' image" of his famous brother. Every time Bill takes a girl dancing at



Acme

Clara Bow is at work on "Hoopla," which is "The Barker" done over. Here she is with her two cousins, Johnny and Lillian Bow, during training schedule. Clara now weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds.

GOSSIP

means No Rabbits Allowed."

SALLY EILERS' two most ardent fans are her mother and her father. Her first important picture break came in "The Goodbye Kiss," a feature made some years ago by Mack Sennett.

"It played down in Los Angeles at the Million Dollar Theatre and mother and dad went to every performance," Sally will tell you. "They saw it exactly twenty-five times. The ushers all got to know them, and kept two seats reserved just for them. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Eilers,' they'd say, 'We hope you will enjoy the show again.'"

THE prop men on the "Queen Christina" set (lucky boys) will tell you that when John Gilbert came on the set for his first day's work in the Garbo picture he found Madame in a medieval bed.

"Gee, it's colossal," John blurted out like a little boy, but these prop men, unimaginative creatures, don't know whether he was referring to the bed or to the fact that he is once more Garbo's leading man. But we know all right. "Colossal" used to be John's pet word in the old Garbo-Gilbert days and you can be quite sure Garbo remembers it well.

ONE of the most attractive foursomes about Hollywood is made up of Una Merkel and her handsome husband, Ronald Burla, and Madge Evans and her fiance, Tom Gallery.

JOE E. BROWN really isn't superstitious—well, not much—but there must always be a red-headed property man working on his set.



John Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce, at the costume party of Kay Francis at the Vendome Cafe in Hollywood.

Acme



Acme

Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna, and a Grade A cow. Kay Francis, as a milkmaid, and Ken, as a cop, helped to make their party a great success.



Wide World

A coupla Farmers, no less. Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, at the barn dance given by Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna.

THE virtually obsolete term "polyandry" has assumed a new significance now that Lubitsch is filming Noel Coward's "Design for Living," which deals with polyandry in polite modern society. (That's right, you'll find it under "p" in the dictionary.)

Anyway, when Dick Arlen asked a stenographer at the Paramount studio if she knew anything about "polyandry," the bright young thing sweetly replied, "Oh, you mean Lona Andre's sister? No, I don't know her."

Look out, Gracie Allen!

WHENEVER that grand actress Alison Skipworth wants to get out of something she doesn't relish (like a "sitting" in the gallery, or an interview, or an afternoon tea) she always says, "I'm sorry, but I'm leaving for New York on Monday."

"It's really no fib," "Skippy" explains. "I don't say which Monday, and when I do leave it will be just like that. I'll pack Saturday, rest Sunday and fly on Monday."

GARY COOPER likes the rôle of "Bill Grimes," which he plays in "One Sunday Afternoon," better than any part he has ever had in his long movie career. Personally, we liked him best as the young ambulance driver in "Farewell to Arms."

REVIEWS OF RECENT PICTURES

PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING

Rating: DELIGHTFUL—*Fox*

JANET GAYNOR, a little Irish girl this time, with a far better accent than you usually find on little Hollywood Irish girls, simply romps through her latest picture with such infectious gayety that we get all rompyish too. We haven't liked the petite Janet so much in a long time. There's little or no plot to the picture, but with a superb cast and the most marvelous scenery that these old eyes have feasted on in many a day, we can't go straining at gnats' wings. What's more, there's Walter Connolly, that simply grand actor of the New York stage, getting his first really big picture break. As Major Adair, Janet's charming and impecunious father, Mr. Connolly dominates the picture and gives a performance that will long be remembered.

The story's about two sisters, Janet and Margaret Lindsay, who live with their father in an Irish seacoast town—in a great big ancestral home, every brick of which is heavily mortgaged. But Margaret is in love with Harvey Stephens, and Janet's in love with life, and Walter Connolly can't



Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

worry long about anything, so they're all quite happy until Warner Baxter drives up in his Rolls Royce and insists on marrying Margaret, whom he met three years before. Margaret doesn't want to marry Mr. Baxter because she's in love with Harvey, but she feels that she owes it to her father, poor dear, to bring some money into the family. So Janet feels called upon to fix things in order that Margaret shan't sacrifice herself on the Golden Altar, and she manages things so effectively that Warner Baxter falls in love with *her* and Margaret refuses to speak to her for over a year. But of course there's a happy ending. There's a charming atmosphere about this picture and young and old will like it.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Rating: EXCITING—*Warners*

THIS picture is laid almost entirely in the department of the police force which is given over to the search for missing persons. Naturally, then, there are a lot of sub-plots and a lot of people wandering around quite breezily. But the main plot concerns Lewis Stone, Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis and Alan Dinehart. Pat is a detective on the robbery squad, who is transferred to the bureau of missing persons and attempts to bring two-fisted methods to that department.

Lewis Stone, the head of the department, tries to teach him a gentler method of dealing with missing ones, but Pat refuses to soften up until Bette Davis enters his life. Bette is searching for a fictitious husband, who is in reality a murderer who has escaped justice by allowing her to be suspected of the crime.

Alan Dinehart is splendid as the murderer. Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert



Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien.

contribute most of the very gay comedy, with Glenda Farrell also making merry in a big way. All the little sub-plots are interesting, too, and you can count on this picture to give you an evening's entertainment.

TORCH SINGER

Rating: FINE—*Paramount*

THE worst woman in New York—and the best torch singer! That's Claudette Colbert in her new picture. And why didn't somebody tell us that she could sing before? Naughty old Paramount for holding out on us like that. Why that gal can put over everything from a honky-tonk song to the most sensational torch song of the year, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love," with little lullabies about "baby boats" tossed in now and then. Whew, she's a honey.



Claudette Colbert.

We find Claudette bravely and gallantly trying to support her illegitimate baby, whose father has gayly skipped off to China leaving her to go through hell alone. World weary and broken, and almost crazed by the cries of her hungry baby, she signs over her little girl to an institution for adoption, promising never to try to find the child again.

Life has given her a raw deal and she no longer has any respect for life or men or herself. She gets a job in a honky-tonk, clicks almost over night, and becomes the swellest torch singer in New York, in Broadway's most glittering night club. Her escapades and love affairs make her notorious—which naturally helps business at the club.

She meets Ricardo Cortez, an official of a broadcasting company, and while visiting him at his studio one night finds "Aunt Jennie" fairly fainting with fright over her first broadcast on the Pure Foods hour. Claudette (the torrid Mimi Benton) saves the situation and broadcasts the Aunt Jennie program. She is a tremendous hit and is signed by the president of the company at once—provided the identity of Aunt Jennie be kept a deep dark secret.

And so Claudette is torn between the what-the-hell-does-it-matter attitude of the infamous torch singer and the maternal tenderness of Aunt Jennie, who loves little children and tells them bedtime stories over the radio. A great yearning for her own little daughter possesses her—but the institution will tell her nothing of the child's whereabouts. By means of the radio, Claudette starts her mad search for a little girl named Sally whose birthday is September 2nd. In a fairy-tale manner, but quite all right, she finds her baby in the home of its father, David Manners. Sentimental and all that, but you'll love this picture. And you must hear Claudette put over a torch song!

SOLITAIRE MAN

Rating: EXCELLENT—*M-G-M*



Ralph Forbes, Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall.

SIX people in the narrow confines of a passenger plane's cabin, high above the English channel. . . . It doesn't sound very thrilling, does it? But that's where you're wrong. This is one of those intensely dramatic pictures which, by its own restraint, makes you break out in a cold

perspiration. It's as exciting as the edge of a volcano.

Herbert Marshall plays a thief (and when Herbert Marshall plays a thief there is none better) who has pulled his last job and is on his way to his native England to live in peace and security with his co-workers, Elizabeth Allan and May Robson and Ralph Forbes, for the rest of his life. Yes, he going to turn honest and furthermore he is going to marry Elizabeth Allan.

But Ralph Forbes is in love with Elizabeth too, so he turns yellow and tips off a police informer, Lionel Atwill (who does a little thieving and murdering on the side) that Marshall is on the plane. Well, things happen. The sixth passenger is none other than Mary Boland playing a nervous, talkative American tourist who takes a sentimental interest in Mr. Marshall and eventually brings about his release when the plane lands in England. The picture is perfect anyway you look at it. Don't miss it.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

Rating: DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT—*Warners*

HERE'S a picture that packs a regular Primo Carnera wallop! It's about the youth of today, both boys and girls, who are forced by poverty to leave their homes and roam the highways and byways seeking food and shelter wherever they can. All of us, who have made any automobile trips at all this last year, have seen dozens of these kids, jumping freights or hitch-hiking or gathered in shivering groups around road-side fires at nights. Young nomads of the road.



Dorothy Coonan, Ann Hovey and Frankie Darro.

Frankie Darro (remember his swell performance in "The Mayor of Hell"?) heads a gang of these wandering kids who are willing to work, but can find none. With his pal, Edwin Phillips, he takes to the road when his parents are thrown out of work and are too poor to support him. On the road, Frankie and Edwin meet up with Dorothy Coonan and other young boys and girls in the same plight. They go from city to city living off anything they can get.

Frankie is finally picked up by the police as a suspect in a theatre robbery. He and his companions, though innocent, are sent to jail and later brought up before the judge for sentence. This is young Darro's big scene and, believe me, it will last in your mind for a long time. His dramatic plea before the judge wins an acquittal for himself and his pals—and a chance to go to work. This is one of the most thrillingly dramatic scenes that the screen has offered in months and it will make your hair stand on end. You haven't heard of Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan before, most likely, but after their swell performances in this picture you'll just naturally be demanding to see them in more pictures. Also in the cast and doing good work are Rochelle Hudson, Minna Gombell, Grant Mitchell and Sterling Holloway.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK

Rating: EXPLOSIVELY FAST—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

SOMETHING new in plots. Listen: Lee Tracy is an old man married to Mae Clarke, and he sits around bewailing the fact that if he had his life to live over again he would have taken the $400 he had saved up when he was young and gone into partnership with George Barbier, and cleaned up a million. Yes sir, by cracky, that's just what he would do if he had his life to live over again. Also, he would have married Peggy Shannon, the beautiful daughter of the rich old Barbier. If only he could turn back the clock!



Otto Kruger, Mae Clarke and Lee Tracy.

Well, the clock turns back and we next see Tracy, a young man now, investing his $400, and by his ability to forecast events becoming a powerful financial leader. Sure enough he marries Peggy but she two-times him behind his back and carries on something awful with C. Henry Gordon. Between the unhappiness brought him by his money and his wife, Lee is pretty miserable and all ready to go back to his little cigar store and Mae Clarke and lead a simple, wholesome life once more. But he has to wait for time to roll around again.

It sounds like a "moral" picture—and so it is—but it's so fast and brittle and funny and pathetic that you won't even notice that there's a lesson in it. Lee Tracy has a grand part, of course, and puts everything into it. Peggy Shannon is beautiful and gives an extraordinary fine performance of the giddy wife. Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick are all good.

NIGHT FLIGHT

Rating: 90%—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

THE best thing about this picture is its cast of characters, which is something to get hot about on the coldest day of winter. What a cast! Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, Leslie Fenton, Frank Conroy and C. Henry Gordon. What a cast! But, alas and alas, they're all working under the NRA system and have practically nothing to do. It's quite disheartening.

The story is quite technical, all about an aviation nut (played by John Barrymore) who drives men to their death in his relentless determination to introduce airmail in South America. Regardless of climatic conditions, rain storms and hurricanes, he forces his pilots to take off



John Barrymore and Helen Hayes.

with the mail every night knowing full well that they will meet certain death.

Lionel Barrymore, always scratching with eczema, plays the "watch dog," who would like to be friendly with the death-marked pilots but is forced by the maniacal John to carry out the iron-bound rules of the company. Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Leslie Fenton are the night-flying pilots. Helen Hayes is Clark Gable's adoring wife, though she is never shown with him in the film. Myrna Loy has a brief moment with her husband, William Gargan. The photography is excellent, with sensationally thrilling scenes in the air pockets of the snow-covered Andes and over the rain-drenched Atlantic, where Clark Gable, blown from his course in the most horrible storm you've ever seen, meets his death. Except for Lionel's eczema, there isn't any humor and there isn't any romance—but if you have the slightest interest in aviation you should see this. At the preview Tallulah Bankhead was so impressed—or depressed—that she said, "Well, I'll never send an air mail letter again."

SHANGHAI MADNESS

Rating: So-So—*Fox*

SPENCER TRACY, a likeable young lieutenant in the United States Navy, gets kicked out of the navy over in Shanghai for firing on a Communist settlement in China.



Eugene Pallette, Spencer Tracy and Herbert Mundin.

BING CROSBY SCORES

The fact that the Communists fired on his boat, killing several of his men, does not change the verdict of guilty. Such is justice in the navy, it seems. Embittered by what he terms a raw real, Spencer tries to get on every boat pulling out of Shanghai, but no captain will have him on the crew on account of his discharge from the navy.

Finally, because he befriends the son of a wealthy Chinese war lord, he is given a place as gunner on a river boat, captained by the hard-drinking, humorous Eugene Pallette. The river boat is carrying arms to the garrisons that are fighting against the Communists. Spencer bravely leads an attack upon a group of the Communists about to take an American settlement, and as a reward for his bravery and daring is received back into the navy.

Fay Wray is the daughter of a rich American in Shanghai, and spends most of her time pursuing Spencer. She even stows away on his river boat, but is put ashore at the American settlement where Spencer later rescues her. Well, it's one of those pictures you might like and you might not, depending upon your mood. Anyway, Spencer Tracy and Eugene Pallette give extraordinarily good performances. Also in the cast for small parts are Ralph Morgan, Herbert Mundin and Reginald Mason.

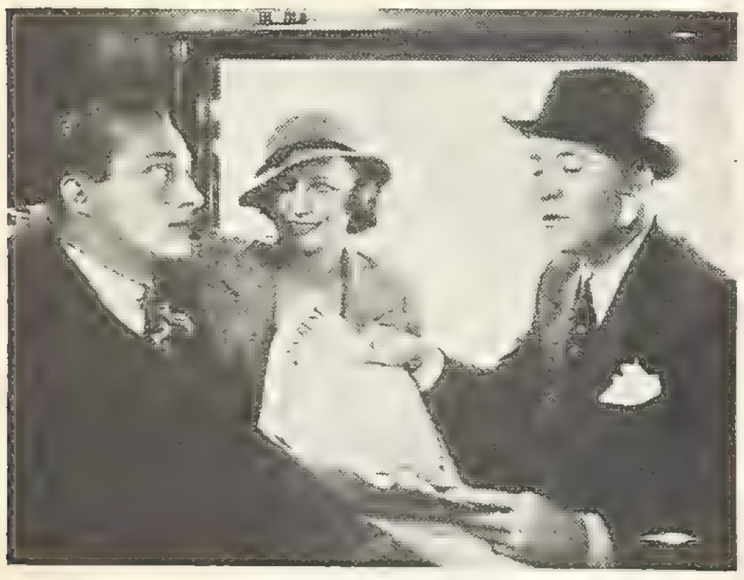
TOO MUCH HARMONY

Rating: PEPPY—*Paramount*

THIS picture has the speed of Gary Cooper's Dusenberg and the dash of Jean Harlow's new evening gown. (We saw the latter at the opening of "Dinner at Eight" and we're still gasping!) In fact, it's got so much snap and pep that when it's over you feel as if you'd just spent the night on a roller-coaster. It also has the swellest music and dance routines that you've seen in many a day. And, of course, there's Bing Crosby, the schoolgirl's delight, so say no more about it.

The story's about three young and healthy members of a vaudeville team who are getting no place in particular and having a hard time getting there. They're Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher and Judith Allen (you last saw her in "This Day and Age").

It's just an old routine of four-a-day or nothing to them until Bing Crosby, a big New York star, happens to catch their act



Bing Crosby, Judith Allen and Jack Oakie.

—and falls head over heels in love with Judith Allen. Bing wants to sign her for his own show immediately, but Judith won't go unless he takes Jack and "Skeets" too.

On the opening night, in New York, Jack has to pose as a millionaire and make love to Lilyan Tashman, Bing's former sweetheart, so that Lil will give Bing his walking papers. It just so happens that with all the funny business going on, poor old Jack is simply crying his heart out for Judith—ye olde Laugh, Clown, Laugh motif again—but Mrs. Offield's little boy Jack puts it across so well that you don't mind at all. And, by the way, Mrs. Offield (or Mrs. Oakie, if you prefer) gets her first movie "bit" in this picture by playing Jack's mother, and is about the proudest mother you've ever seen. In a cast brimful of talent, Jack walks away with all the honors. But that isn't demeaning the rest of the folks for they're right there on Mr. Oakie's heels. Especially Kitty Kelly, Ned Sparks, Harry Green and Grace Bradley. Whew—this one breezes along like a Texas tornado.

BEAUTY FOR SALE

Rating: EXCELLENT—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

SOMEBODY had the bright idea of writing a "Grand Hotel" about a Beauty Shop, which was quite a good idea until Madge Evans and Una Merkel and Florine McKinney came along, and got us so interested in their lives that we didn't care a hangnail about permanents and manicures and facials and such.

These three girls are operators in Madame Sonia's (Hedda Hopper) classy beauty salon, but it is their life away from the shop which intrigues us so. Madge Evans, as Letty Lawson, has her best screen opportunity to date, and she gives a performance so charmingly sincere and emotionally beautiful that you'll think about it for many months to come. Madge falls



Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Eddie Nugent.

divinely in love with Otto Kruger, rich and married, and can't make up her mind what to do about it. Una Merkel, hurt by life several years before, has become a professional little gold-digger and is out to get big prizes. She does! Una certainly makes Sin look attractive. Florine McKinney falls desperately in love with Phillips Holmes, and when he walks out on her she jumps to her death from her apartment house window. This decides Madge. In an effort to forget the fascinating Mr. Kruger she accepts Eddie Nugent, Una's wise-cracking brother, but when she reaches the church door finds out that she just can't go through with the marriage.

But ah, in the meantime, the devastating Alice Brady, playing Kruger's jabbering and neurotic wife, has found a new interest in life—an ambitious young architect. So she's off to Paris to get her divorce and leaves her sweet, ingratiating husband free to marry Madge, who has been carrying the torch for him all the time. May Robson is perfect in a small part and so is a newcomer to the screen—Isobel Jewell, known about town as "Lee Tracy's girl friend."

BRIEF MOMENT

Rating: MOST ENTERTAINING—*Columbia*

CAROLE LOMBARD does some of the best acting of her entire screen career—and by-gosh, can she act! Just as we were beginning to think that maybe she's just a hot looking fashion plate, along she comes and delivers the swellest acting performance we've seen since Miss Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory." And she still looks like a million dollars.

Carole plays a night club singer, the classy kind, who is very much in love with her play-boy husband, Gene Raymond.



Gene Raymond and Carole Lombard.

Gene's blue blooded family resents his marriage to the blues singer and does everything to break it up. Gene's a happy-go-lucky boy without any ambition except to get drunk every night with his pal, Monroe Owsley. Carole puts up with him as long as she can, but when he continues to hit the bottle she leaves him. Later Gene realizes how much he loves his wife, so he reforms and goes to work under an assumed name.

As the spoiled play-boy husband Gene gives an excellent performance, and the restrained way he handles his drunk scenes is something to get excited about. Arthur Hohl plays the night club owner, who is secretly in love with Carole and always hovering around to see that she gets a square deal from Gene. Reginald Mason plays the social register father, who is not at all concerned with his son's business success, but deeply interested in his social success. A most entertaining picture, all in all, and you're bound to rave about Carole and Gene when it's all over.

I LOVED A WOMAN

Rating: EXCELLENT—*Warners-First National*

WELL, fatherhood hasn't hurt our Edward G. Robinson any. His newest picture is his best yet—and it seems to me that we've been writing about Eddie in superlatives ever since "Little Caesar." But, honestly now, this is the best. The picture started out in life as "Red Meat" but will be released as "I Love a Woman," which is sort of quaint and Hollywoodish, isn't it?

Romance in Chicago

But with its title change its quaintness ends, for here is the most powerfully dramatic picture you have seen in a long time. It is biographical of the life of one of Chicago's millionaires whose disgrace made sensational headlines not so long ago.

Eddie plays John Hayden, the head of Hayden and Company, the leading meat packers in Chicago. We meet him first as a young man ecstatically appreciative of the beauties of Greece—a sunset and a Grecian urn mean more to him than all the canned meat in the world. But his father dies in the midst of his vacation, and Eddie has to return to Chicago to assume the leadership of the meat packers.

Still romantic by nature, he meets Genevieve Tobin, the daughter of a rival packer, and she woos him with "Annie Laurie" and plans for child welfare among the children of the factory hands. Eddie is so busy being romantic and philanthropic that his business almost goes bankrupt. But, in the meantime, disappointed in marriage with the scheming Genevieve, he has met Kay Francis, a young and ambitious woman who knows that she has the power in her to become a great opera singer if she can get the financial backing. She sings "Home From the Range" to Eddie, always a sucker for songs, and Eddie not only gives her the money necessary but also gives his love. Kay thrills him with the power of leadership, and for the first time Eddie, wholly under the influence of this beautiful and dynamic woman, swears he will reach the heights in his own career.



Kay Francis and Edward G. Robinson.

Kay returns to New York for a concert season, and Eddie learns from her own lips that he has always been just one lover among many in her life. Infuriated, he plans to become the richest man in the world, intending to use the World War to double his millions. But he has become crazy with power and frustration, and the day the Armistice is signed he finds that he is a ruined man—with a Government Investigation on his heels. He turns to his wife—but she, in jealous revenge, refuses to stand by him. And so alone, but for his faithful secretary, he flees in the dead of night to Greece. A thrilling and dramatic picture! You must see it.

Lee Tracy [*Continued from page 29*]

minimum age-limit he could go to war as an officer, if he left the school with a good record.

When graduation time came, the former bad boy left school with a perfect record. He was chosen, one out of 28 boys in the whole school, to go to Camp Lee, Virginia.

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA

And at Camp Lee, Fate played Lee a bad trick. They made him an officer the instant he was 21, and he thought sure that he was headed for France and *real* adventure—but, sad to relate, with all his military experience he was *too* good. Officers able to drill the new recruits flooding in from all over the nation were badly needed. Lee was kept at the camp to drill rookies!

"But I got my little wound just the same," he chuckles ruefully.

He strolled out to the camp proving-grounds one afternoon to watch some ordinance officers test a batch of new trench-mortars. Nothing much was happening except a lot of noise, so, bored, he turned and started so saunter away.

BOOM!

A big mortar blew to bits. Three ordnance officers were killed, and a half a dozen men in the distant camp streets were badly injured by fragments. Lee got a good-sized piece of jagged shell-case through his right hip.

SAYRE, PENNSYLVANIA

The War over, Lee went home in his best uniform to decide on a future career. The way he decided is absolutely characteristic of him. An engineer? "Not the way I hate mathematics." A doctor? "Not when I flunked German three years straight." A lawyer? "Not when every second man you meet on the street, almost, is a lawyer."

"So," he says, "I picked the show-business because, if you made a hit in it, the rewards were tremendous." Just like that.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

When you go to New York to be an actor, however, it occurred to Lee, the thing to do is to get a job on the stage. Other people seemed to have trouble doing that. But did Lee? That, too, is a characteristic answer. He looked up a list of plays for three years back, memorized half a dozen casts and names, located an actors' agent, breezed in, and, before the agent could catch his breath, was rattling off:

"I was leading-man with the No. 4 road company that toured the South."

Talk about Horatio Alger! The agent *did* give him a job, in a vaudeville sketch which, by coincidence, actually played the South!

That's how easy it is when you have a Lee Tracy personality! For, once he had gotten in, work on Broadway followed easily enough.

HOLLYWOOD

If we wanted to tell you all of Lee's adventures in Hollywood we'd have to go back and start all over again. But here, at least, is a sample.

Not so long ago Lee drove up to Santa Barbara with a girl-friend to sit on the sand and twiddle his toes in the sun. Somebody lent him an Eskimo kayak. (They rent them on the beach at Santa Barbara.) You know what they are—those little canoes that you wear like a pair of pants. The darned things turn turtle if you so much as breathe on them, but, oh, no, Lee had to get in and paddle halfway across the Pacific! Of course, when he got out a mile or so, his lunch shifted in his tummy and over he went, hanging upside down under considerable water.

So what did Lee do? So he nonchalantly swam in, dragging the kayak behind him. When he finally made the beach, bystanders noted that he still wore the tasty white bêret which—you saw it—he wore in "Night Mayor."



Acme

Charles Chaplin has done a lot of funny things in his time, and while taking his exercises follows the tradition. That's Charlie in the middle, with Pauline Goddard tickling his feet. It's all in the spirit of fun in which the comedian delights. It is his yacht and his party.

You're Going to Talk about "Bombshell" [*Continued from page* 19]

come a leading star. Pat O'Brien plays the director so perfectly that it is hard to keep his identity a secret.

Well, it looks to me like a lot of Hollywood skeletons are coming out of the hall closet for a little air. They're Hollywood people all right and don't let the "tourist's conception of Hollywood" fool you.

And, as for those incidents that actually happened. The authors didn't have to sit up nights making them up. Oh no, they just had to exercise the old memory a little. Everybody in Hollywood knows about the fight between the director and the star's boy friend—well, we can hardly say "the" fight as there have been so many of them. But just which incident the picture uses for its big fight between Director Brogan and the Marquis di Binelli—well, that is for you to find out.

Then, in "Bombshell," Lola Burns, in a sentimental moment, adopts a baby but has to return it to the institution when the ladies committee find that her home life is most unfitted for bringing up an infant. That's happened a number of times in Hollywood. And then there's the time that Lola is seen in the nursery department of a large store buying baby things. Mrs. Brown phones Mrs. Smith who phones Mrs. Jones, and Winchell and the columnists get it, and before long the poor star even begins to believe it herself. These whispering campaigns in Hollywood have helped ruin many an innocent star's reputation.

The Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, the arrest of the Marquis di Binelli by the U. S. Government for overstaying the time on his passport, the star walking out on a picture after a fight with the publicity office, and trying to hide and "get away from it all" at Palm Springs while she has a little love affair on the side—all these things have actually happened in Hollywood, some of them too, too often. "Bombshell" a tourist's conception of Hollywood? That's out.

When we reached the scene of the "location," the patio of a charming hotel, I realized that after all was said and done I was really a lucky girl. Usually on these location trips, you travel miles and miles and get stung by bees and blistered by the sun, only to arrive in some awful place eventually and discover that all the stars have taken the day off and a few extras are working on a scene which will inevitably be found on the cutting room floor. But lucky gal that I am, I found Jean Harlow, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Ted Healy, C. Aubrey Smith and Mary Forbes acting one of the funniest scenes in the picture. And, waiting for his scene—which was next—was Lee Tracy accompanied by his girl, Isobel Jewell. And watching their "Baby" were Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, Jean's mother and stepfather. What a field day for a fan writer! But before I could even greet anybody I was *ssh-sshed.*

"Turn 'em over. Quiet. Camera," shouted the director. I fell as quietly as possible (I'd like to see a studio chair that doesn't squeak just once before I die. And of all the squeaking studio chairs, Joan Crawford's is the worst) into a chair with "LOLA BURNS" printed on the back. The publicity man whispered to me that Lola, who has fled to Palm Springs to get away from it all, has become engaged to Gifford Middleton (played by Franchot Tone) of the elegant Boston Middletons, and in this scene the Hollywood Burns and the Boston Middletons (Mary Forbes, Ralph Forbes' mother, and C. Aubrey Smith, play Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) are meeting each other for the first time. Pops, with his red beak shining, is in all of his glory.



Acme

"Hello yourself, Jean!" "Dinner at Eight" opened in Hollywood, and Jean Harlow heard herself "put over" a fine performance.

Pops: (wringing Gifford's hand) Yes, a thoroughbred, I can see that. Fine head—eyes wide apart. So you're taking the one jewel from my crown, eh? Well, my boy—

Lola: (quickly) Here—father—sit down—

Pops: (to Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) I presume this was all as much a surprise to you as it was to me? Well, I guess we oldsters can't keep pace with the modern trend of today—eh, Mrs. Middleton. (He gives her a poke with his cane.) Things move faster than when you and your husband got together, eh?

Mr. Middleton: (quite hoity toity to Pops) I knew a Burns at Harvard. George Burns. Class of '98. Any relation?

Pops: Probably the New England branch of the family. I prepared for Harvard myself. Splendid school. As my tutor used to say to me when we traveled through Europe together—

Lola: (uneasy) Here, Pops, have some tea.

Bro: (trying to be pleasant) Maybe the folks would like a little dramiola? Pops has a pint on the saddle.

Pops: (inspired) A small libation? Gifford, how about a loving cup for the occasion?

Mrs. Middleton: (icily) Gifford never touches a drop.

There's an interruption while a little girl comes up and asks Lola Burns for an autograph, explaining that it is for the Lola Burns club at home.

Mr. Middleton: What a forward child.

Mrs. Middleton: What on earth does she want your autograph for?

Lola: (to Gifford) Didn't—didn't you tell them, dear?

Gifford: Why no—not yet—I thought they'd meet you first and then—

Mrs. Middleton: Tell us what?

Lola: That—that I've been in pictures.

Mrs. Middleton: An actress? That—that movie star?

Mr. Middleton: You're not the Lola Burns we've been reading about in all the newspapers?

Lola: Yes—that's right—but I can explain it all. You see—

But Mrs. Middleton has fainted and has to be carried out, while Pops takes a good strong drink to brace himself. It's the first time he ever met a lady who wasn't thrilled at seeing a movie star in the flesh.

Naturally they had to shoot the scene over and over again, so between enforced silences I talked to Lee Tracy who is one grand guy if there ever was one. I had seen Lee and his girl at the gala premiere of "Dinner at Eight" the night before, and Lee was never so dressed up in all his life. Tails and scarf and a high topper. Whoops, my dear. When he entered the subdued silences of the Chinese theatre the audience began to applaud (the only star they applauded before the official introductions) and poor Lee turned as red as a beet. I guess it's the Jewell influence.

Lee used to look pretty shoddy, and the studio couldn't get him to dress up or put on any "dog," but now Mr. Tracy, with the cute little Isobel on his arm, is seen in all the gay social places. Did you see Isobel Jewell in "Beauty for Sale?" It was her first picture and believe me she kept those other girls stepping around to keep her from stealing the picture from them. Lee was so proud of her that he actually accompanied her to the preview. Isobel has a "bit" in "Bombshell." She plays a little demi-mondaine, named Nellie, whom Bro picks up down in Tia Juanna and brings back to the Lola Burns mansion promising her a movie contract. A small part—to be sure—but it won't be long now before she'll be getting leads. Isobel has been known so long in Hollywood as "Lee Tracy's girl friend" that it will be most amusing if she becomes a hit and people start saying of Lee Tracy "he's Isobel Jewell's boy friend."

I asked Lee what he liked most about the picture and he glibly replied, "The assistant director. He's a smart fellow. Instead of getting me down at eight o'clock this morning, when he knows darn well I won't be needed until afternoon, he shows the rare intelligence of giving me a two o'clock call. It's never been done before. Ever since I have been in Hollywood there has been an assistant director's league against me to keep me from getting any sleep in the morning." Lee is a guy what loves his sleep—in the morning—and don't we all.

"And what I don't like about this picture," Lee contributed, "is Franchot Tone. The very idea of putting him in a bit. Phil Holmes refused to do it. Why Franchot Tone is about the best of the young New York actors today. He's swell on the stage. He's one of the best bets in pictures, too. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to understand the movie merry-go-round. After giving him leads in "Stranger's Return" and "Today We Live," now they start sticking him in bits. But that's Hollywood. What time did you get home from the Colony last night?"

Well, we won't go into that. The ice cream man arrived, so Lee bought us several containers and I persuaded him and Isobel to have their pictures made together.

And still they couldn't get that scene letter perfect. Jean had to take time out to refresh her make-up, so I swooped down upon her like a vulture.

"If the public gets as many laughs out of this picture as we're getting," Jean said,

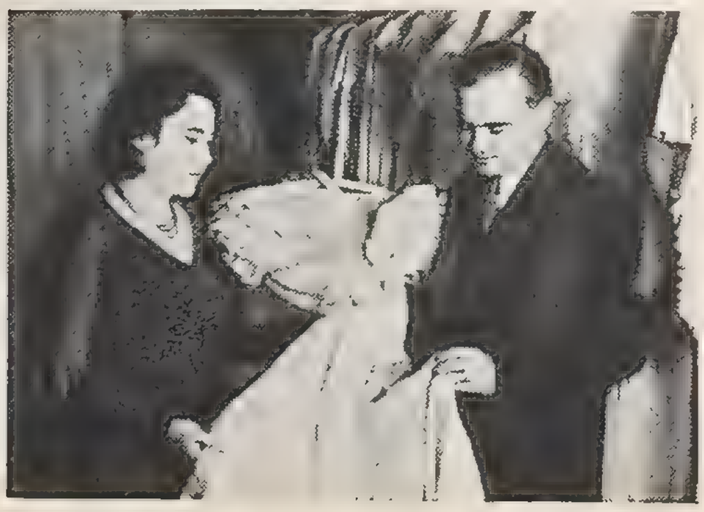
[*Continued on page* 56]

"Follow our Hollywood way-



Official in all the biq studios..

"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."



● "The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux," says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in "Footlight Parade."

"My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I've learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux."

● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there's no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

NRA MEMBER US

LUX

TRUST TO LUX

doing things with a lip stick, "it will be great. I have to break down and laugh nearly every scene I have with Frank Morgan. I've never laughed so much in all my life."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I just ruined a take for them by giggling out loud when Pops reached for his pint."

"Well, if you think this scene is funny," Jean continued, "just wait until you see some of the others. The Mae West one, particularly, is a scream."

"Mae West," I shrieked. "Is she doing a bit in this too?"

"Mae West is a goldfish," Jean explained. "We named it that because of her figure, and, believe me, Mae certainly can take it. The Marquis and Brogan are fighting in Lola Burns' house, and among the things they wreck is the artistic and futuristic goldfish bowl. The scene had to be taken eight times—and eight times poor Mae West found herself in a smashed bowl, floundering on the floor. I never saw a fish take such a beating, but I believe she loved it. When Mae is marooned on the carpet I pick her up and start sobbing over her because I think she is dying. I shout for some water to put her in, and she, of course, is squirming through my fingers. So I drop her in a pitcher of punch. Pops comes along and practically swallows her. That's the funniest scene in the picture and I go into convulsions when I even think of it. If you could only have seen Mae West's expression!

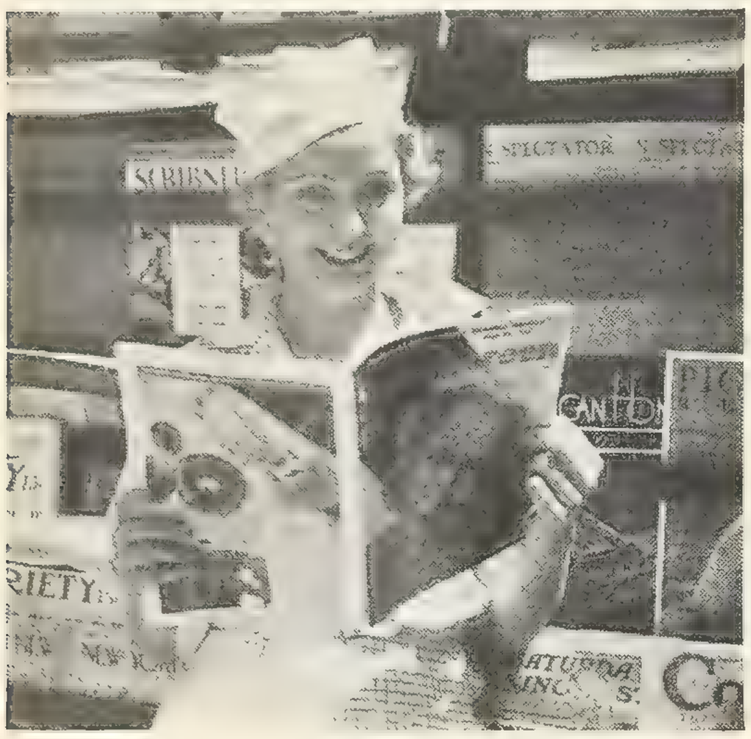
Poor Mae—she's likely to turn up any place these days. But when one studio takes the trouble to publicize the star of another studio I guess that's fame. Even if they do call her a poor fish. Well, Mae can take it.

Sex Is Beautiful [*Continued from page* 20]

now on the third waistcoat button, now his tie, there at the neck, the eyes—my heavens he can't take it. That's the sexiest eye trick in the world, if you really want to know. Marlene Dietrich's left to right eye shift is like a bottle of sarsaparilla in an absinthe shop compared with it.

"When may I see you?" gulped Mr. Taylor, all scorched and singed, "Breakfast, luncheon, dinner?"

"Well," said Mae applying the torch, "I always have breakfast in bed—so that's out. I never eat lunch and as for dinner—um—why not make it supper—um—you fascinate me."



Gloria Stuart is making "The Invisible Man"—why there he is beside her!

Poor Mr. Taylor is practically suffocated, so Miss West carried on.

"I like sophisticated men to take me out," Mae challenged him with the childish naivete of a cobra.

"I'm not really sophisticated yet," announced Mr. Taylor.

"And you're not really out yet either," contributed Miss West.

And so it went until there was finally a good "take" and they had to give the cameras a chance to cool off—not to mention Mr. Taylor. Mae had a few moments to give me before she had to change her dressing gown and get ready for a scene with Cary Grant, the next victim for the furnace. And poor Cary, right fresh out of the hospital too. Mae is such a tiny little thing to look so fleshy on the screen that you sort of have to get acclimated to her all over again. She is really only five feet four inches tall, and weighs only 116 pounds. The minute she smiles at you you know she is a swell person with a grand sense of humor.

"What kind of a character are you playing in 'I'm No Angel?'" I inquired, simply because most interviews start that way.

"Well," said Mae, "I can give her to you three ways. She's the kind of girl who is intimate only with her friends—but she hasn't an enemy in the world. She is also the kind of girl who has climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong. And just in case I haven't made my meaning clear she's one of those girls you've heard about who could lose her reputation and never miss it. When she's good she's good, but when she's bad she's better. See?"

"See," I repeated, "I can't wait to see. I'm afraid she's no angel. And now that you are relaxing for a few moments, would you talk to me seriously about sex?"

"Talk? Um—talking ruins sex. However, I'll tell you what I think about sex. You know I'm rather delighted that movie fans could take it the way I gave it to them in 'She Done Him Wrong.' Why, sex is beautiful, really. It is one of the great natural things of life. We all know that. Why evade it then? Why, the loveliest verses in the Bible glorify sex—um—and how.

"Certainly I believe in sex. Without it there can be no romance or beauty in love. Why, love is pretty nearly all sex—and don't let the bookworms tell you differently. It takes plenty of sex appeal for a man and a woman to get by in the world today. Look at the divorces in Hollywood. Most of them could be easily avoided if the wife would take the trouble to apply a little allure. Why, the most absurd thing I ever heard of are these Hollywood divorces with the two principals announcing all over the newspapers how much they still love each other though they don't want to keep on living together. Of course they don't love each other—that's too silly for words. One or both of them has lost sex appeal. It all comes down to that. If I get married—and I certainly expect to one of these days—I mean to make it stick. I've never been married and I mean to take my time about it—but when I do marry I'm going to hold my man—for life—and I mean to do it with sex.

"I get hundreds of letters every day from men and women who want to know how they can attract members of the opposite sex. Strong sex appeal is my invariable prescription and by that I mean the radiation of an attractive personality. Not necessarily beauty of face or figure. Every girl is born with a varying amount of sex attraction, but the things some of them do to conceal it, you'd think sex was the smallpox. Why, there's nothing ugly about sex—it's beautiful—like everything else in life that's frank and natural."

There were dozens of other things I wanted to ask her, but Cary Grant had arrived for his scorching and Mae was up and at him.

"Lights—start 'em rolling—speed—scene 566—action."

"Then I can depend on you. You will bring Kirk back to his senses?" inquired Mr. Grant quite coldly—but he'd melt in time.

"Um—well, that does start a new line of thought. You know you're sort of unusual yourself." Mae sidled up and gave him the eye business. "Um—you fascinate me. I think you'd better go."

I knew darned well Mr. Grant wouldn't go and that that scene would probably go on for an hour, so I left. So sex is beautiful; Mae says so, and Mae ought to know.

I learned a few interesting and amusing things about Mae West from her working associates on the lot that day. The people you work with daily are really the people who know you best. And Mae gets *A plus* on her studio test. She has never yet bitten or snapped at a fellow worker or refused to have her picture taken. She must get quite a personal satisfaction, however, out of having the Hollywood "great" come to her. Only a few days before, Mary Pickford had called at the studio and asked to be taken on the "I'm No Angel" set and introduced to Miss West. After the introduction Mary said, "Miss West, I have wanted to meet you ever since I saw you in 'She Done Him Wrong' and I have gone to a number of Hollywood parties just in hopes that you might be there. But you never showed up at any of them, so finally I gathered up my courage and came over to meet you. You are one of my favorite actresses."

Then Mae told Mary what a lovely face she had.

"But I haven't sex," said Mary.

"Not on the screen," said Mae.

Helen Hayes is another actress who has called on Mae at the studio, to meet her and watch her work. Helen even asked the cameraman to take a picture of herself with Mae, and has kept it as one of her prized possessions. But celebrities are nothing new in Mae's life. They all "come up sometime." Mae won't go to their parties because she doesn't like to smoke or drink or gossip—so all the Hollywood Mahomets have to go to the mountain.

Blake McVeigh, of the Paramount publicity department, who gave the world "curvacious" and "Westicism" in connection with the dynamic Mae, had just been to the prize fights with the lady the night before. Mae, as you know, goes to three fights a week in Hollywood. She would go to more, but there aren't any more. She has been to more than two thousand fights in her life, which is some kind of a record. In fact, Mae is just crazy about fights. Hollywood parties—she can't be bothered with. But Hollywood fights — um — they fascinate her. Blake told me how the Westian slang has penetrated far into the prize ring and is rapidly becoming a part of the fight vernacular. Two of the fighters were grappling together on the canvas without any of the punches that the crowd loves so much. Suddenly one of the fans shouted, "Hey you, why don't you have that right come up sometime."

And then, again, later on the same night, there were two fighters who seemed to be a bit dainty about everything. In fact they'd sort of fall into each others arms

and go into a dainty clinch. In great disgust a big male truck driver snorted, "You hoo. You fascinate me."

Well, the prize ring isn't the only place you find the Westian slang these days. The sun never sets on "come up sometime." Parisians, who never bothered with English before, since the advent of "She Done Him Wrong" are now saying "You can be had" all over the Left Bank and even the King of England looks at Queen Mary's hats and says, "You fascinate me." Several years ago when she was in vaudeville Mae started the popular expressions, "What a man," and "Don't call me Madame." She's got a couple of new ones for you in "I'm No Angel," but it wouldn't be cricket for me to tell you—nor badminton either for that matter.

Of course it was all right for Mae to upset the Hollywood sex drama and make it look ridiculous, and it was all right for her to put a little gin and bitters into the King's English—but now she must go and wish pansy beds and aviaries on our heads. They say that the Paris coutouriers—Schiaparelli, Mainbocher and Jean Patou—all took a good look at "Lady Lou" (She Done Him Wrong) and with one accord shrieked "Chic." And that means only one thing—alas and more alas—it's going to be a hard winter for us poor working gals. Big picture hats, piled high with flowers and feathers and tulle, are due for a "comeback," and now the neck will come into its own again and be used for something besides necking.

And that isn't all—groan groan—there'll be taffeta petticoats hooked around the waist with nice old fashioned hooks and eyes, there'll be long trailing feather boas that look like sick kittens after three drops of rain, there'll be marabou dressing gowns and birds of paradise and plumes, and "sheath" dresses—and horrible horrible—corsets. Mae, did you have to do this to us? And we were so happy in our little sweaters and berets.



Acme

Bill Powell and his former wife, Carole Lombard, AFTER the divorce. They may hate each other, but with such actors, how can you tell?



1 to 2 Hours Longer!

The new record in keeping breath pure . . . fresh

PEPSODENT gives greater protection because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . It goes 3 times as far . . . Makes every $1 do the work of $3.

SOME people cling to old ways to their sorrow. But the majority are quick to take advantage of the new—of the improved ways scientific progress constantly makes possible. Ten years ago the discoveries on which Pepsodent is based had not been made. Hence, it was bound to be superior to antiseptics born before that time.

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two kinds of mouth antiseptics. The old-fashioned kind that kills germs *only* when used full strength. The new discovery—Pepsodent—that is utterly safe when used full strength yet powerful enough even when diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence, it goes 3 times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you assurance of a pure, sweet breath for 2 hours longer.

Millions who once diluted ordinary antiseptics now realize their mistake. Be sure you choose the antiseptic that, even when mixed with water, kills germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe—and save your money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	**Cuts and Abrasions**
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	**Dandruff**
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
Irritations of the Gums	"Athlete's Foot"
After Extractions	**Tired, Aching Feet**
After Shaving	

NRA MEMBER

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Bob Meets the Customers [*Continued from page* 25]

in the taxi when it reached the stage door. Then I told the crowd that I had just time enough to sign all their autograph books before I made up for my next appearance. I implored them not to jostle or push, because if they remained calm and quiet no one would be passed by."

"That was nice," I said warmly, and added naively, "a crowd can really behave quite well if only handled properly."

Mr. Montgomery muttered something that faintly sounded like "Oh, yeah!" But I really cannot deliberately accuse him of such a colloquialism. Aloud he said: "They did nothing of the kind. They broke the glass of the taxi's windows, they tore my tie, my shirt and everything on my person that they could lay their hands upon. I didn't have a chance in the world until the theatre hands came out and rescued me."

"There!" I murmured with just the slightest trace of sarcasm. "That's what I mean by mob psychology. None of them got an autograph, and yet you were quite willing to give each of them one."

"Ah, but you're wrong," he corrected me softly and without the slightest trace of sarcasm. "After I got safely inside the theatre, I sent the doorman out for as many autograph books as he could get, and signed every one of them."

"Bravo!"

Mr. Montgomery modestly changed the subject by offering me a cigarette.

I glanced at the books strewn all around the dressing-room. "I see you like Robert Nathan," I said, picking up a copy of "The Fiddler in Barly." "Have you read his 'One More Spring'?"

"Have I! I consider it the finest book of the year. I met Nathan, by the way, the other night."

At this I sat up in my chair and paid attention, so to speak, for "One More Spring" is a favorite of mine also.

"Do you feel nervous," I asked, "when you meet celebrities in other professions than your own for the first time?"

"Do I!" His expression was utterly convincing. "I was fearfully worried that Nathan might not like me. He's such a sensitive, finely wrought sort of person. I had an idea that he might expect me to be flamboyant and wise-cracking, as I appear in some of my films."

No analysis is further from the real Bob Montgomery than this. However, I was curious to know how the meeting went off.

"Oh, we got along fine. Nathan autographed a copy of 'One More Spring' for me, writing an original poem on the spur of the moment. I wish I had it here to show you. He's a grand person."

Knowing that Montgomery has a keen appreciation of literature, having dabbled a bit with a pen on his own account, I asked him if, had he been the author of "One More Spring," he might have written the last chapter differently. It seemed strange to me that two of the characters in the book, having experienced the worst type of poverty, should deliberately have scorned all hopes for a comfortable future.

He disagreed emphatically. "I should leave the ending just as it is. Once having known the joy of complete freedom from conventional standards of living, I can see where certain people would never be content to tread old paths again."

"Perhaps if you had known real hardships, poverty . . . you might think differently."

He smiled enigmatically, but said nothing. Since that day I have read his intimate biography, and know now that he has experienced many hardships and several years of grinding poverty. But it was like him not to mention them. He is not the type to grunt about the past when the future *and* the present loom up so vitally in front of him.

Just then we were interrupted by the arrival of Bessie Mack, the Capitol Theatre's good-natured publicity agent. It seemed that a beer concern wanted Montgomery to pose with one of its executives, both drinking a large glass of beer. "I suppose," said I reluctantly, "this is the cue for my exit."

Mr. Montgomery patted my hand absentmindedly. "Stay right where you are," he said politely, and I breathed easily again. "If there's any one thing I'd rather not do at this moment," he murmured *sotto voce,* "it's to go down and pose drinking that beer." His eyes were fixed trance-like on the ceiling and he settled his six feet something or other more nonchalantly on the couch, which was a trifle short.

Miss Mack went into a trance also. She is a stoutish woman and the afternoon was somewhat warm. Very quietly she murmured to the room in general: "I've kept you absolutely free of pestiferous appointments. In fact I've done more for you than I have for any other star I can think of. Just why, I don't know. Anyway, the beer is excellent. Here are a couple of bottles. Try some."

Montgomery came out of his trance and did his duty as a host. The beer *was* excellent. I told him so. But he ignored the suggestion and would have none of it himself. Like a small boy, he muttered, "I don't want to do it, really," nevertheless he rose with amazing alacrity, put on his coat, adjusted his tie, and turning to me, said: "Come on down in the back yard and watch me get my picture taken."

While he was getting snapped, Miss Mack informed me that Montgomery was writing history for the Capitol Theatre. Certain important pictures had brought the box-office receipts up to where they were climbing now, but no star doing a "personal appearance" act had ever created such a furore. Even Ethel Barrymore, considered the High Priestess of the American theatre, didn't cause the slightest flurry in the Capitol's personal stock market.

"To what do you attribute it?" I asked, discounting for a moment the Montgomery charm and trying to stick to solid facts.

"To the fact," retaliated Miss Mack, "that in person he is exactly as he appears on the screen. His voice, his smile, his manner are just the same. So the fans are not disappointed. They go home and say: 'Why he's just like he is in the pictures. You ought to see him.' His is a 'word of mouth' popularity."

The photographs taken, we repaired to the cubby-hole again, where we discussed his future plans. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is willing, he is anxious to return to his first love, the theatre, this winter. He has a droll play, with a Continental flavor, in mind, the very thought of which sets his mobile lips to twitching.

"Doesn't the stage frighten you somewhat, after being in the movies so long?" I asked.

"I'm scared half to death before every personal appearance," he admitted frankly.

"You certainly don't show it," I remarked, recalling the marvellous ease with which he "put over" his scene from "Private Lives" with Irene Purcell on the stage of the Capitol Theatre.

"I'm an actor, aren't I?" laughed Montgomery. "But I'll tell you a little secret. I've always been a bit diffident; even as a child I was nervous when making new acquaintances. But of course I'd never let them know that they awed me in the slightest."

"Then, perhaps, you agree with the psy-



FIRST STILL — **Ann Harding and Patricia O'Brien in "Beautiful." "When Ladies Meet" and "Double Harness" boosted Ann's stock back up again.**

chiatrists who claim that the inferiority complex invested in the child is sometimes subconsciously retained in the adult, no matter to what heights he climbs in later years?"

"There's more in that theory than meets the eye," agreed Montgomery reminiscently.

A valet knocked on the door to inform him that it was time to make up for his next performance.

"This time I see it *is* my cue to go," said I with unfeigned regret.

"I'm afraid it is. But we've still got—let me see—three minutes. So shoot! Ask me anything you can think of—quick!"

Now don't be surprised at the number of questions a curious interviewer can fire at an amazingly gracious young actor in the course of a few minutes. I learned that——

Alice Brady (with him in "When Ladies Meet") was loads of fun to work with on the set . . . Louise Closser Hale was in his first stage play twelve years ago and she died after appearing in his last picture, "Another Language" . . . he likes to sing and play the piano and modestly acknowledges the possession of a good tenor voice . . . he favors modern musicians, like Ravel, Gershwin, Berlin . . . his favorite pastime is reading but I promised not to reveal the titles of the three books he carries around with him on all his travels . . . his idea of an ideal day away from the studio is to go sailing, preferably off the coast of Mexico . . . he has just purchased a farm up in Putnam County, New York (which is not quite as simple as it sounds, having a gun room, a polo field and two lakes) in the hope that M-G-M won't be an old meanie and keep him from doing that stage play in New York this year . . . and his favorite food is oysters. . . .

Well, it looks as if the world is going to be his own particular oyster for some time to come. If everything works out as it should, you will be seeing him in M-G-M's version of Manuel Komroff's dramatic Biblical story, "Two Thieves," in which he may co-star with Clark Gable. In addition he has been loaned to Columbia for "Night Bus," a story of the Trans-Continental Bus Lines. M-G-M has also cast him in "Overland Bus." Judging from the titles, these two pictures should keep him considerably on the jump. He is also scheduled to appear in an English thriller called "Mystery of the Dead Police."

"Call me up tomorrow if you've forgotten anything," called out this amazing Montgomery person as he escorted me out into the corridor. I leave it to you, girls, did I—or didn't I?

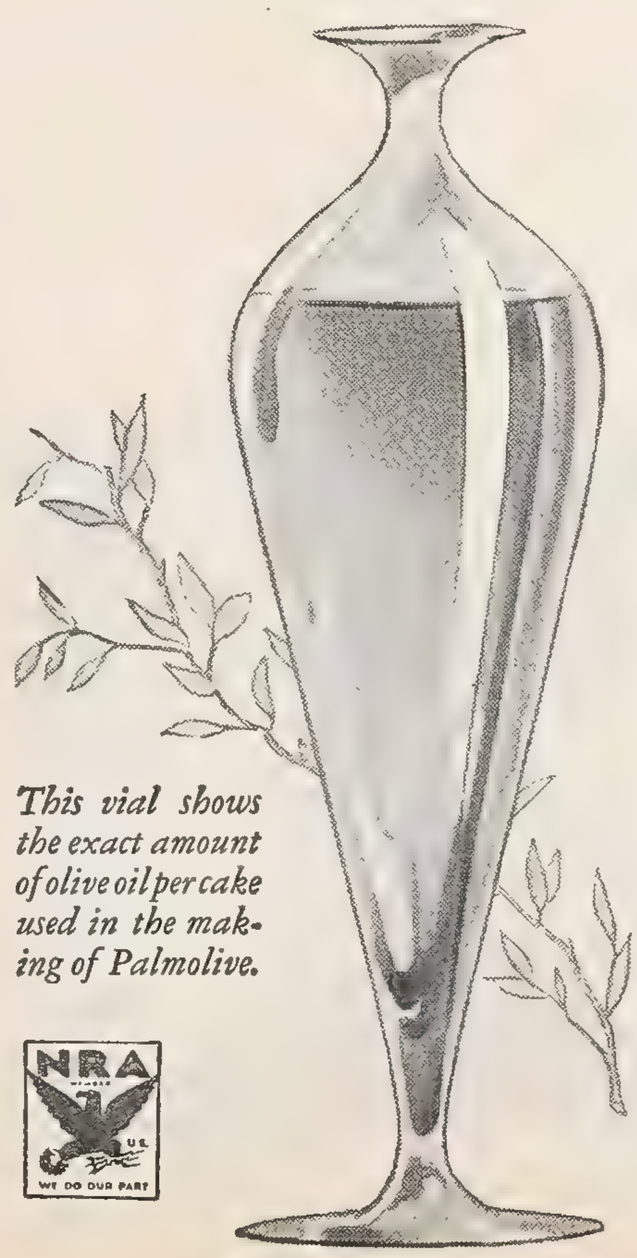


Dorothy Coonan made a hit in "Wild Boys of the Road," and Warner Brothers rewarded her with a contract. She has a million freckles.

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"



Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too



This vial shows the exact amount of olive oil per cake used in the making of Palmolive.

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Do that regularly and you'll find there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PALMOLIVE

...the soap of Youth

Who Will Be Queen of Hollywood? [*Continued from page* 21]

the outside, by a winding road, which oddly enough forms the shape of a heart.

They will be admitted by liveried servants. There will be cocktails in the drawing room. Possibly one, possibly two or three, but no more.

Then, the butler will announce dinner to Miss Pickford, who will in turn announce it to her guests, asking them to follow her to the huge dining hall where seventy or more may be seated at once and served almost simultaneously. At each plate there will be a menu. (Menus are an invariable Pickfair rule and guests have been known to treasure them highly.)

There are never, I might say right now, buffet suppers at Pickfair. Never anything as casually informal as a plate supper, where guests might help themselves.

In the huge dining hall where the "last guests" will gather, the butler will stand at the head of the table, watching with eagle eye to see that the second man, the third man or the fourth man make no glaring mistakes.

Over the fireplace at one end of the hall, a portrait of Doug will grin down at the assembled party. The formal dinner service of Pickfair will glisten in the candlelight. At the head of the table, kindly, and with ever an eye to her guests' comfort and likes, will sit Mary.

Perhaps, as she surveys the scene, there will come to mind memories of other occasions when she has entertained with similar pomp and ceremony . . . George, a prince of England, Shira Bibi, famous Hindu mystic, turbaned potentates of India, here for the international Olympic games, along with diplomatic and important representatives of other countries, dukes and duchesses and—Bull Montana and impecunious young men and women who happened to have the social graces and the social background to admit them to Pickfair. For Mary, like any good hostess, has not confined her guest list to the famous. She invites whom she pleases.

I wonder if, as her entertainment for the evening, she will have her famous fortune tellers and, if so, what they will portend for the future. For Mary, as you may recall, has on many occasions enlivened her evenings—particularly stiff, formal occasions—by calling in these witches of the past and of the future.

I wonder if they will whisper in her ear, and in the ears of her guests, the name of the one who will succeed her as the social queen of Moviedom. I wonder, for I should like to know, as I am sure you would.

Some say that this person will be Norma Shearer. It's an interesting thought. For Norma, who is as beloved a star and as popular as Mary was a few years ago, has charm, elegance, friends, position (her husband, Irving Thalberg is wealthy, successful, important) and popularity.

I remember my first meeting with Norma Shearer—seven years ago. She was then on the first steps of the threshold of her career. She was living very quietly in a bungalow at the Garden of Allah. I went to get a short interview about the picture in which she was appearing. I asked her if she was engaged to Irving Thalberg. She neither confirmed nor denied the question, but talked pleasantly about her work and sent me home—I had no car—in her Rolls Royce. I was impressed, hoped somebody would see me lolling in the back seat of a movie star's car (nobody did), and recall, to this day, her quiet poise and air of elegance.

That "quiet elegance" is still there. She lives today with Irving Thalberg, Sr., and Irving Thalberg, Jr., their small son, in a roomy, but not pretentious home in Santa Monica.

Simple in exterior design, built for comfort rather than "entertaining," it is her home. Here she and Irving have asked their intimate friends, and occasionally have given large parties to which more casual acquaintances and associates have been asked. To these last are also invited the moguls of movieland, a scattering of stars and Norma and Irving's closer friends.

Unlike Pickfair, there are no liveried servants. One houseman, a quiet English butler, takes care of the Thalberg needs. Dinners are simple. There are no menus. There is no pomp.

Often, for entertainment, moving pictures are shown. The room, a combination library and den, just back of the drawing room, is used as the *projection room* and chairs are put in the drawing room for the guests.

You gain the impression that the Shearer house is a home rather than a setting for social gatherings. Here live two quiet people who have work to do—a woman who works at her career, at the business of being a wife and mother; and a man who is in business.

From all of which I come to the conclusion, as you may, that unless there is a great change in Shearer-Thalberg habits of thought and feeling for work, *social supremacy* will be something for which they will not strive, nor care to achieve. They just haven't the time for the *job!*

Before mentioning Norma, perhaps I should have taken up the case of Marion Davies, who, next to Mary Pickford, has entertained more lavishly than anyone else in Hollywood. Marion's huge Santa Monica beach home is much more adapted to great gatherings than that of anyone else in moviedom today.

There are some thirty rooms in the house and it takes ten servants to run the place. The rooms are enormous. There is a great dining hall, a ball room, a drawing room and a library where first editions worth fabulous sums, and paintings by great artists vie for attention. Guests can have anything and everything they desire.

Marion, as a hostess, is superb. And she has entertained the famous, from Charles Lindbergh to George Bernard Shaw, from the Earl of Warwick to the daughter of her cook who died. The Earl of Warwick was a house guest for a couple of months, the daughter of the cook stayed on much longer.

The chief difference between Mary Pickford and Marion Davies in the hostess line lies in attitude. Mary Pickford has always taken her position seriously, as a responsibility, almost a duty. Marion takes hers light-heartedly. She entertains formally—and informally. She has fun as a hostess. If anyone tells her that she gives awfully good parties, she is apt to say and believe, "Oh, but I have much better times at so-and-so's. I love to go there."

Marion could be the great social queen of Hollywood, but she will probably never take the job seriously. For it is a job!

Then there is Ruth Chatterton—a poised, witty individual, capable of making a beggar, a poet, a king or a movie star feel equally happy and important. Her gatherings have that fine note of distinction which only a hostess of distinction can convey.

Miss Chatterton does not entertain a great deal. She asks to her home only people who interest her and these, mostly, are individuals of achievement or brilliance. She is one of the few people in Hollywood, or perhaps the only one, who can be said to have anything resembling the famous *salons* of the Continent.

Yet you never read in the society columns of Ruth Chatterton's parties. You seldom hear when she entertains famous writers, novelists, musicians, painters. One reason is that she doesn't have large parties. Another, that she seldom speaks of them. She told me once that she never liked having more than eight people for dinner.

"Like a family dinner," I remarked.

"Exactly," she returned. "Dinners should be intimate, so that everyone can join in the conversation, and everyone can know the others."

So—Ruth Chatterton, as the next social leader of Hollywood? *No.* Definitely *no,* because of her sense of exclusion. Family parties, or gatherings akin to family dinners, are nothing with which to climb the ladder to social success.

I mentioned the Barrymore family. Irene Fenwick (Mrs. Lionel Barrymore) is a woman of great charm and poise. She has that dignity that befits the wife of such an aristocrat as Lionel. She has many friends. But she is not well and much of her life is spent in pain and suffering.

Dolores (Mrs. John Barrymore), on the other hand, might, if she chose, aspire to the heights. Dolores has beauty and loveliness. She has fine tradition behind her. She has prominence and achievement through her husband. But she, at least so far, has lacked enthusiasm for the *job*. She has been content to be a "hausfrau" for John, and a sportswoman-companion on his yachting trips.

Tallulah Bankhead comes to mind as the daughter of one of the South's finest families and one who has achieved the con-



Cary Grant made a hit as Mae West's leading man, so now he has been borrowed for "Born To Be Bad," with Loretta Young.

quest of London and the Continent. In the brief time she spent in Hollywood she entertained royally. But, Tallulah prefers New York.

If Winfield Sheehan ever takes himself a bride who loves festivities, the great Sheehan home will become the new social center of moviedom. For Mr. Sheehan, head of the Fox corporation, loves to play host and his typically "man-like" arranged affairs these days are well attended and important. Mr. Sheehan has a great feeling for distinguished people and for doing things correctly. He is a charming, hospitable person. But—he is a bachelor.

What will the fortune tellers portend when the "last party" is held at Pickfair? I cannot predict, but, from what I know now, it should be most interesting. The next social dictator of Hollywood has much to live up to. But maybe we wonder too soon—perhaps Mary herself—minus Douglas—will continue to reign.

Marlene Dietrich sailed from Paris recently. She was met in New York by Josef Von Sternberg. The talk is that Marlene will do "Catharine of Russia." We haven't seen a good Czarist picture since Emil Jannings made "The Patriot."

The Great Garbo

[*Continued from page* 17]

When Garbo was alone and friendless in the gaudy cinema capital, she met John Gilbert and they fell in love.

But how different things were then, how swiftly the wheel of fate revolves in the land of the silver screen.

For in those days, when first these two, who were to become the great lovers of this decade both on and off the screen, met, it was John Gilbert who was the great one, the favored star, the outstanding box office attraction. His popularity was at its height, he was not only the leading matinee idol of the time but the critics' favorite actor. The name *"John Gilbert"* in electric lights that blazed and glittered in every city in the world brought thousands of people and millions of dollars into the box office.

His yearly contract ran into staggering figures, probably the highest salary ever paid an actor.

On one corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot he had a beautiful bungalow, exquisitely furnished. His word was law concerning his pictures. The "powers that be" bowed before him and actually said "Yes, Mr. Gilbert." Such hits as "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" had made him a figure standing at the very top of the glittering heap of stars and near-stars that make up the motion picture industry.

Garbo?

It's hard, I know, to think back to a time when Garbo, the glamorous, Garbo, the mysterious, was not the foremost of all women stars.

But when she and John Gilbert first played together, she was actually second fiddle. The Swedish girl, ignored and almost ridiculed during her first months on the lot, had made two pictures—one, a program picture, and a second in which she had merely been featured. Compared to the great John Gilbert she wasn't very important. The authorities at the studio regarded her as a fine "starring possibility."

It was, in fact, the critical moment of her career. Many actresses have come so far and no farther. Many have been wrecked upon the treacherous rocks of stardom.



CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.

2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsilitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. LX-11*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)

☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

THE **NEW** MASCARA
THAT IS
actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS



YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown
75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The PERFECT Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

Would Garbo make good or would she slip away into that limbo that is filled with those who flamed briefly, flashed in the pan and then disappeared.

That was the question when she and John Gilbert began a picture that was to make screen history, "Flesh and the Devil." And it was as part of the team of Gilbert and Garbo that Greta actually succeeded, actually came into her own.

It would not be fair to say that Gilbert was responsible for Garbo's enormous success in that picture. But it would be less than the truth to say that he didn't have a great deal to do with it.

Of course he was in love with her, almost from the first moment they met on the set. The great lover and matinee idol, who had been twice married and divorced and the central figure in other Hollywood romances, was completely bowled over by the strange, silent girl from the Norseland.

But three things he certainly did. He was the greatest help to her during the making of that picture. Not only because, being really in love, they portrayed for the camera what are still regarded as the greatest love scenes of all times, but because he knew so much more than she did about American methods of picture making, and was able to convey to her what he knew. The fact that she spoke hardly any English made it hard for her to take direction. Jack had infinite patience with her. Another star might have made it more difficult for the girl, still strange and nervous in these new surroundings, might indeed have taken advantage of her ignorance to get the best of the picture for himself, but Jack went to the other extreme and worked patiently on every scene until Garbo was at her best.

He taught her a good deal of the English it was so necessary for her to acquire. And he gave her real happiness, which buoyed up her spirits and made her glad that she had stayed in Hollywood. His yacht was always at her disposal and they made many cruises together. His home was always ready to receive her and there she escaped that loneliness that was so bad for her. Often, too, he acted as her business advisor.

So it was in "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love" that Garbo scored her first great successes, and it was as co-star with Gilbert that the public first acclaimed her.

Then the wheel turned again.

Garbo and Gilbert, the two names that had actually become part of the English language, were separated—first in pictures, because now Garbo was able to carry her own pictures and there was no need to have those two enormous salaries in one cost-sheet; and then, in love.

It was, as everyone who knew them in Hollywood understands, really Jack who brought about the end of that chapter. It was Jack who, realizing that they could never be happy together, decided that it was better that they should part.

They just didn't belong together, these two. Garbo, who more and more found that she wanted to be alone, who became more and more wrapt up in her work. Garbo, who was afraid of people, who hid in mysterious silence, who could never accustom herself to gaiety and conviviality. And Gilbert, who loved fun, enjoyed his friends, and detested the hermit-like existence to which Garbo condemned him.

They quarreled and parted, were reconciled. But, in the end, it was Jack who decided that a clean break was best, and only a short time later married the brilliant and beautiful stage actress, Ina Claire.

Life swept on at Hollywood's own swift pace and the paths of the great lovers were separated. They did not see each other any more. They never played together in a picture. It was ended none too happily, no matter what they may think now themselves, after a space of years. They did not part enemies, but neither could it be said that they parted friends.

The newspapers all over the world were filled with stories of that break, as for years they had been filled with stories of the love affair. Some of the stories were not very flattering to Garbo. Jack's marriage had taken place so suddenly, only a few weeks after he met Ina Claire, and before most people had realized that he and Greta had actually broken off their long association. So it was hinted that Ina had stolen Jack from the screen's greatest siren. It was at least suggested that Gilbert had thrown Greta over for the stage star.

It wasn't true, but most women would have burned beneath the implication. Garbo said nothing. She offered polite congratulations upon his marriage. When she spoke of him it was always with admiration.

Unexpectedly, swiftly and inexorably, misfortune befell John Gilbert. The talkies came and they accomplished his comet-like fall. Like a burned out skyrocket this man, who had been among the few really great ones, dropped to earth.

Two things conspired to bring about that spectacular descent and neither of them were Gilbert's fault. Jack was the first man to make love in speech on the screen. Love scenes which he had played many times during the silent days—and always to spellbound audiences—when accompanied by passionate and romantic dialogue, so new to audiences, startled and embarrassed them. On top of this, the microphone was then very imperfect. They had not learned to control it nor to keep the needle from performing strange gyrations. John Gilbert's voice, a perfectly natural, pleasant, masculine voice which had been successful on the stage long before he went into motion pictures, came out of this new-fangled machine sounding very strange.

Altogether, he bore the brunt of the new invention.

Inexplicably, his popularity ceased. As fine an actor as he had ever been, he suffered a momentary eclipse. And it would have been only momentary except for other considerations. Jack's salary was huge. He was in the midst of a slump. And the studio did little or nothing to rescue him. They gave him worse stories and worse casts than anybody else on the lot. Perhaps they hoped that he would grow discouraged



Lowell Sherman is directing Constance Cummings in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," the Walter Winchell story that aggravates *Mammy* singers.

and break his contract, thereby saving the terrific outlay.

High strung, proud, suffering under what seemed the bitter injustice of not being given an honest chance to prove to the public what he could do, Jack stuck it out to the bitter end. His contract ended, and with it, apparently, went his last chance to prove himself.

He announced his retirement from the screen. No other company, it seemed, wished to take a chance on a Gilbert comeback. He was through. Only thirty-three, just at the time when he should be reaching his peak, his great career was over. His life work was done.

Two months ago, anybody in Hollywood would have given you very large odds that John Gilbert would never be given another chance. Such things do happen in Hollywood and no one can ever quite explain why. But there it was—*John Gilbert was dead to the screen.*

But they had reckoned without Garbo.

She speaks little, the great Garbo. She wastes no breath upon discussion. When she speaks, when she acts, it is with purpose and finality and she puts all her strength behind it.

Leading man after leading man—Laurence Olivier, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone—had been rejected for the wonderful part opposite her in "Queen Christina," the film that was to bring Garbo to the fans after a long absence. No one suited her. The picture was held up, the delay was costly. But there seemed to be no pleasing Miss Garbo, and certainly in this matter it was all important that she be pleased.

At last she spoke.

"I would like to have Mr. Gilbert play that part," she said.

It is doubtful if any words spoken in any studio since Hollywood began ever caused a greater sensation.

Garbo wanted John Gilbert, she wanted again the famous Garbo-Gilbert combination, never forgotten by the fans. If there was one thing that would give Jack his chance, one thing that would insure his return to popularity, it would be to have a dashing, romantic rôle opposite Greta Garbo.

John Gilbert and *Greta Garbo.* Time could not, had not, dimmed the magic memory of what those two names meant.

Miss Garbo smiled, gently. "Nothing," she said to everyone who cared to listen, breaking her usual silence, "could make me happier. Mr. Gilbert is a great actor. Our association has been a most pleasant one and it will be gratifying to resume our careers together."

Garbo had made the "beau geste."

She had repaid her debt. In a time when John Gilbert needed her, her loyalty had held true no matter what other feeling she ever might have had.

If she had difficulties convincing the studio at first, soon they began to see that, after all, it might be a master stroke. The part was one perfectly suited to John Gilbert. The chances were that, opposite Garbo once more, he would score a new and sensational hit. As playing opposite him had once given Garbo success, playing opposite her would doubtless re-establish Gilbert with the millions of Gilbert-Garbo fans.

The result was a long-term contract for John Gilbert, with plans that will give him every chance to regain his high place.

There is perhaps nothing else that could have done just that for the man who once did so much for Garbo.

It was a fine and gallant thing to do. And it proves that Garbo, supreme star, *has* those qualities not too often found in Hollywood—loyalty, gratitude, honesty, courage and a memory which triumph has not weakened.

I think *that* alone proves her one of Hollywood's great women.

The Girls They Pick

[*Continued from page* 15]

ascended to the wardrobe.

Things were happening. There was excitement and obvious indignation among one hundred and eight beautiful young women. A plump, middle-aged person in blue told me, "They are upset because the costumes are too scanty. They say they won't wear them. Well if I had a daughter in this business, I'd tell her. . . ." Somebody's daughter, clad in a few wisps of silver ribbon, flounced around a corner. "They're not so *bad*. . . ." she began. Someone wailed, "Can't we have just a little. . . ."

"Now, girls, don't get excited!" said a voice. "It will all be arranged."

"Wouldn't you like to wait for Mr. Berkely in his office?" inquired a voice at my elbow. I thought that perhaps I had better.

Mr. Berkely's office was occupied. I guess it was a conference. I had always wanted to see one. The shirt-sleeved, collarless, rather red gentlemen were not very glad to see me. I shrank into a corner—and recognized one of them after a time.

"What about the extra day for rehearsal?" "How many Romans—and how many horses have we now?" "How many lictors do we need?" "What *is* a lictor?" "I don't know—but how many do we need and what will they cost?" "Four should be enough—or should we have six?" "Forty Romans—how many horses did you say. . . ." I caught the eye of the gentleman I had recognized.

"Wouldn't these people be glad if I sat somewhere *else?*" I asked. He was nice about it—but he showed me another place in which I could sit. Opened doors and switched on lights. . . .

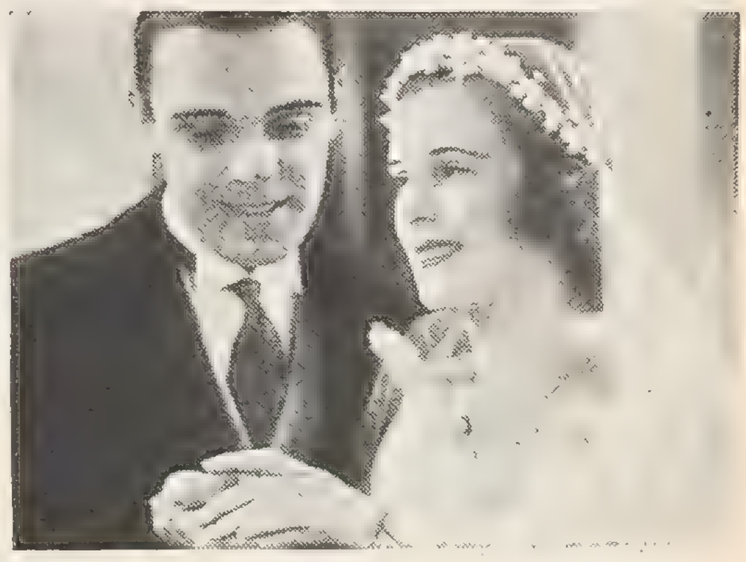
Busby Berkely came in presently. A more tired young man I have rarely seen. Beauteous young things in silver ribbons kept appearing at the door. "In a minute," he would tell them. A worried man called, "I've got fifty of 'em dressed, Buz. Want to see 'em?" "In a minute," said Mr. Berkely, mechanically.

"I shouldn't cast Constance Bennett or Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo for one of my choruses," he told me. "They *know* too much! It is freshness and enthusiasm. . . ." Again that word, enthusiasm!" He reiterated Sammy Lee's words about "it doesn't matter what type of beauty . . . so long as it is a sort of *new* beauty!"

"We are selecting them for feminine *form* more than we used to do," he said. "The flat, boyish figure is *out,* as a general thing. No, I do not think that it is the Mae West influence. We couldn't use Mae West in a chorus, either! It is merely a resurgence of natural taste. Maybe Mae West's success symbolizes or reflects that resurgence. It is better if young women look like *women* —rather than like school boys! More hips, more curves, more shape to them now than a year or two ago. More weight, per perpendicular inch!

"Late hours, parties, admiration, people —destroy them very quickly, so far as we are concerned. If they *have* anything, they graduate, of course. They go on and

How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands



Her hands were softly young and white on her wedding day. "How feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands . . .



. . . plunged into dishwater every day. They aged *years*—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere," she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who . . .



. . . told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite!



for Dishes

costs less than 1¢ a day

"WE DO OUR PART"

develop whatever talent is in them. I have had girls—lots of them—in my choruses, who have gone on to real triumphs. More of them have dropped out of the picture. . . .

"A very plain girl—with a snub nose and unruly hair—may photograph with that electric vitality which no one understands, and which spells irresistible photographic charm. I can bring girls in here now and show them to you—girls who are *bound* to be successes—and I'll wager that you will see nothing there at all—until you see them on the screen.

"Looking at a girl, before I have seen a test of her, I look for length from the knee to the hip. That makes for grace in movement. Slender ankles, wrists . . . a graceful neck. She must know how to move. She must be able to smile as if she meant it. Her head must be well-shaped. Rounded toward the neck, so that any sort of hair-dress will become her.

"They are nice girls, you know—the girls we use. They have to be! The moment they stop being nice, fresh young things, *it shows in their faces.* Then we can't use them any more!

"Two years—three at the outside—in this business—unless they have something that lets them go on to something else. . . ."

There is something pathetic about that recurring remark. "Two years—three at the outside—"

I heard it again when I talked with Dave Gould at Radio. He has had to cast Latin types, mixed South American types and a flock of pure blondes for "Rolling Down to Rio."

"We stopped girls on the street—we hunted for them in department stores and High Schools and Churches. Six months from now, there will be hundreds of them out here looking for jobs—and there probably won't be any more jobs of the kind."

This is the first time, since the days of silent pictures, that there has been a search for mere beauty. Talking pictures brought the reign of Talent—and the costumers, the make-up artists and the cameraman have had to do what they could to make up for deficiencies of face and figure. It is a long time since a director discovered a beautiful waitress or cashier or elevator girl and whisked her away to a studio for a test. Cinderellas have been rare in Hollywood of late!

"Blondes," Mr. Gould repeated, "are out of date. They have been identified too long with the gold-digging type, with the 'gangsters' molls' and women of that sort. You rarely find a natural blonde. . . ."

He has chosen his girls (perhaps because he couldn't help it!) a little younger than have Busby Berkely and Sammy Lee. "Sixteen—seventeen at the oldest," he said. "Five feet one or two—anything under five feet eleven. It is so difficult to find short ones with good figures. . . . They are mostly dumpy or else too thin. If you *do* find a short one who is well-shaped—and she has any talent at all—then she is worth something more than a chorus job!"

Weights seem to vary from a hundred and ten *up.* Proportion is what matters—and more important still, the poise and balance of a young body. The old exercises which our grandmothers used to take—carrying a book or a jar of water on the head in the interests of graceful movement, would not be amiss, one would gather today, if a girl wanted to compete in that group of five thousand damsels for a job in a picture chorus.

"One, two, three, four, five, six! Come on—snap into it, girls! Heads up! Now, *bend!* One, two, three, four, five, six! Let's see you give it something. . . ."

With eight hours a day of bending and tapping and swaying and counting, you should perfect a *number* in a week. Five thousand tried. Twenty-eight won jobs. One, two, three, four, five, six. . . . Youth, freshness, *enthusiasm.*

Two years . . . three, at the most. . . . One or two out of each batch may *have* something . . . if life doesn't catch up with them too soon. . . .

One, two, three. . . . Snap into it, girls! Fame is just ahead.

Watching the Stars at Work

[*Continued from page 23*]

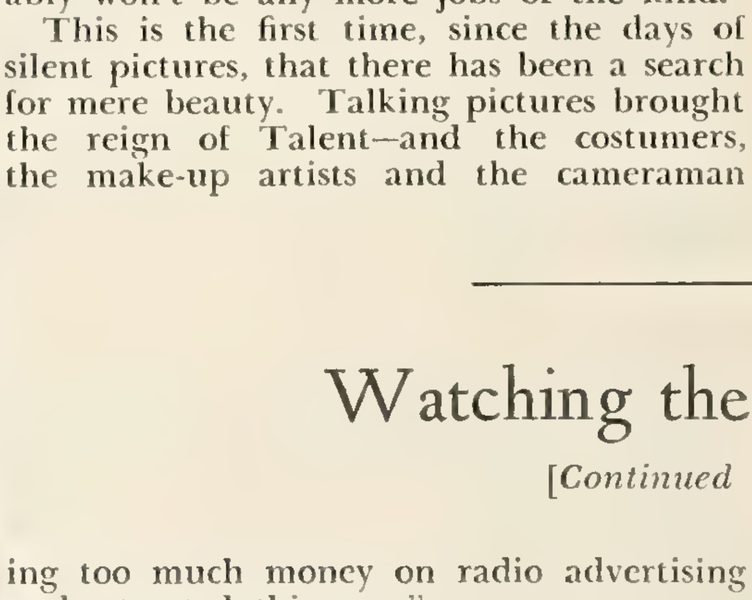
ing too much money on radio advertising to be treated this way."

"I agree with you," Jory answers quietly.

"Well, can't you *do* something about Rollins (Wally)?" Girard rages. "He was the biggest attraction on the air once. Why, our sales jumped sixty percent. What's *happened* to him?"

"A very acute case of swelled head, I should say," Jory answers.

"Can't you do *anything* about it?" Girard asks wrathfully.



The skilful Victor Jory, and Joe Girard, make a scene for "My Woman."

"Sit down, please," Jory replies motioning him to a chair. "I'll try." He turns to a dictaphone. "Send Miller to my office at once." He grins and adds, "Mr. Schertzinger wants to see him."

"The hell I do," Schertzinger yells. "You get on with that scene."

"Nature has declared a holiday," Jory hums as he comes over to be introduced to me for the fifth time. He was singing the same song the last time I met him.

"Glad to know you," we chant in unison as we're presented. We'll say the same thing for the next five or six times we're introduced and after that we'll remember each other—maybe.

On the Paramount Lot

THEY are still in the throes of the heaviest production schedule I've ever seen over at Paramount. Chevalier continues in "The Way to Love," with Ann Dvorak replacing Sylvia Sidney; Mae West shows no signs of completing "I'm No Angel," and "Too Much Harmony" (in which Bing Crosby *refused* to star) is just finishing. Don't get me wrong about that last named. It's a good picture but Bing doesn't want to be a star.

Leaving the set of "Too Much Harmony" I stop dead in my tracks. Here is a scene



"My Complexion was Very Poor"
writes a Resinol user

"Pimples and blackheads covered my face and neck. I had been advised to try Resinol Soap and Ointment. But I had tried so many other things without success I was disgusted with everything. A friend urged me to try Resinol Ointment anyway. In an amazingly short time the improvement was so great I could hardly believe my own eyes."

SAMPLE FREE with a copy of booklet on Skin Treatment. Write to Resinol, Dept. 3-B, Baltimore, Md.

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck. Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.



I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM



and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method", sealed and prepaid. No C. O. D. MY GUARANTEE: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But--do it NOW.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Sten. 16, Buffalo, N. Y.

SONG WRITERS



NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Substantial Advance Royalties are paid writers of songs found acceptable by publishers. Send us your best songs or poems for *free examination* and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We compose or arrange music and secure copyrights. Write *today* for our free explanatory booklet. Newcomer Associates, 1674 S. Broadway, New York.

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—**"SHAMPO - KOLOR".** No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with **"SHAMPO - KOLOR".** No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 23 W. 30th St., New York City.**

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 985, 70 5th Ave., New York

such as could occur nowhere on God's green earth, but in Hollywood. There are *whoops,* like a tribe of Comanche Indians on the warpath, and suddenly Groucho and Harpo Marx burst on my startled vision clad in *pink* nightshirts and running wildly in every direction. Groucho is cheering Harpo on and Harpo is in mad pursuit of a female. Only, to my further amazement, it's a brunette instead of a blonde. Things are certainly getting tough when Harpo can't find a blonde—and don't think I'm kidding.

The Marx Brothers set is closed to visitors, but what is a closed set to SILVER SCREEN's sleuth? I push boldly through the doors.

Leo McCarey, the director, is sitting at a piano strumming a song he's writing. He doesn't know how to write music so he plays and has a song-writer on the set to put down the notes.

Raquel Torres suddenly appears in a negligee that the script girl tells me is by *Frances,* but which my eyes tell me is by Seemore. It is made of the filmiest lace imaginable. The sleeves are banded with



The Marx Brothers capitalize idiocy for Paramount. Harpo and Chico, with Raquel Torres, in "Duck Soup."

white fox and there is little if anything on underneath it. It is one of those models designed to make strong men weak and weak men swoon. McCarey takes one look. His fingers falter on the keys and the music dies out into nothingness. Maybe I'm wrong but having seen Raquel I know I'm not even going to miss Thelma Todd in this picture.

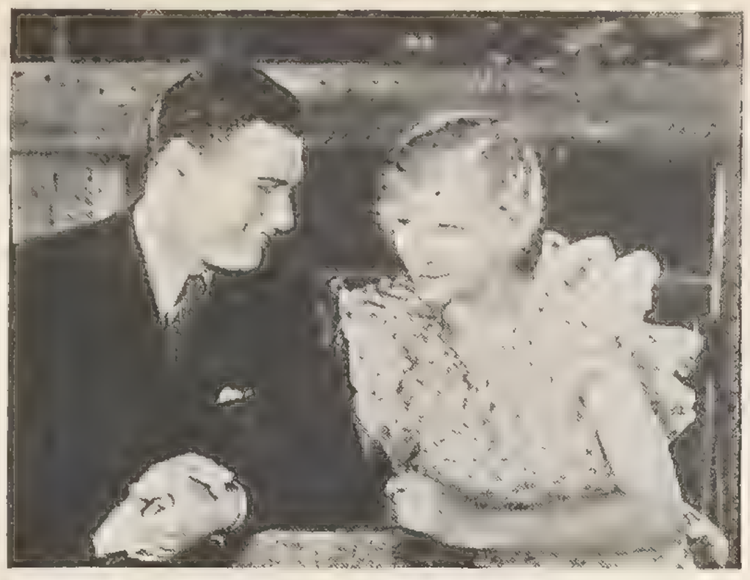
———

Reluctantly leaving the set of "Duck Soup"—and Raquel—I totter over to the set of "Golden Harvest"—the company just having returned from location at Pendleton, Oregon. This is a saga of the wheat fields of the great northwest. Just to make it confusing, the company went on location to make the middle of the picture first and then came back to the studio to make the beginning and end.

Richard Arlen and Chester Morris are brothers—sons of a wealthy wheat grower. Chester has just returned from a trip abroad and breaks the news to Julie Haydon (remember her as Ann Harding's daughter in "The Conquerors"?) that he isn't going to marry her because he has bigger ideas. To his surprise and discomfiture Julie takes the blow standing up and never flinches. She even goes so far as to tell him she doesn't love him—that she cares for Dick in a big way. While they are talking, Dick comes along the path, sees them together, feels he would be intruding and turns to leave.

"Oh, Walt," she calls softly. Dick stops and turns. "Come here," Julie urges sweetly. A few seconds later they're sitting on the well-wall together and Julie, with amazing candor, is telling Dick she loves him. And another good man is roped into the bonds of matrimony.

They had made a replica of the front of a house and porch they used in Oregon and set it up on the stage. Just as they are ready to shoot the scene it is discovered the house should have been at the end of the stage instead of on the side. I look to hear some tall weeping and wailing but there's nothing of the sort. A few men knock some props loose and in less than fifteen minutes the house is where it should be. The grounds all around the house at Pendleton have been duplicated right inside one of the Paramount stages.



Richard Arlen and Julie Haydon reveal the emotional side of farm life in "Golden Harvest."

"Let's take it again," says Director Ralph Murphy, "and, Julie, this time don't wait quite so long to say 'Come here.'"

"I think this is going to be all right," says Dick when the scene is finished.

———

There's a big difference between the rural simplicity of "Golden Harvest" and the metropolitan sophistication of "Design for Living"—which next engages my attention.

"We have changed the whole story," Herr Lubitsch announces triumphantly when I arrive on the set. "Only the title and the general idea is the same. The way we have it now, Edward Everett Horton is the head of a large advertising agency. He is in love with Miriam Hopkins, who draws pictures of Napoleon in BVD's for them. Miriam, in a compartment of a Paris-bound train, picks up Gary Cooper (also an artist) and Fredric March (a would-be dramatist). She is in love with all three men but ends by turning Horton down and going to live with March and Cooper." She makes the further astonishing proviso (probably for the benefit of Will Hays and the censors) that there will be no sex! The boys must concentrate on their work. Miriam is determined they shall be successful. She forces March to finish his play and then sets about getting it produced.

In the sitting room of a London hotel suite sit Franklyn Pangborn (an impresario) with Burton Steele and Thomas Graydon, two of his managers. You know what hotel rooms are like so I don't have to describe this one to you.

"No, no, no," protests one of the managers. "You are quite wrong. She was a complete flop in London."

The door opens and in steps Miriam. "Sorry," says the second manager, "I disagree with you."

"*I* beg your pardon," comes from the first manager as he catches sight of Miriam.

"Forgive me for entering unannounced," Hopkins begs.

"Mr. Douglas is very busy," the second manager cuts in.

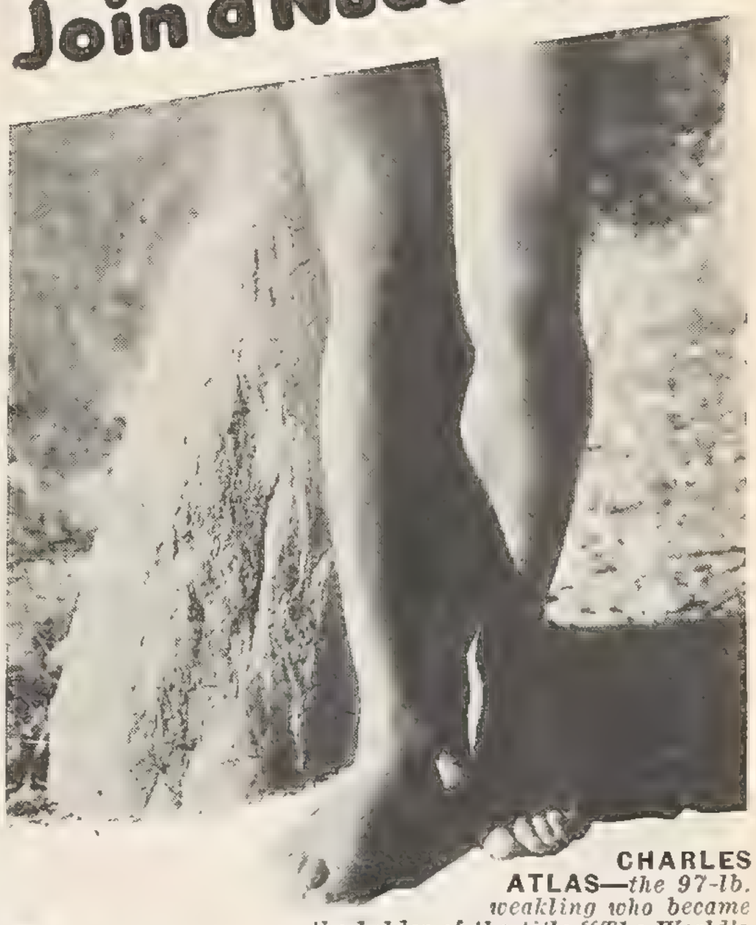
"So they were kind enough to tell me downstairs," Miriam agrees and turns to la Pangborn. "Mr. Douglas, I consider you the greatest theatrical producer in London—in fact, in the world."

"My dear young lady!" lisps Pangborn.

Miriam has been sick in bed ever since that scene was made and the picture can't go on for a while.



Would You DARE Join a Nude Camp?



CHARLES ATLAS—*the 97-lb. weakling who became the holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."*

I'll Give You a Body You Will *Never* be Ashamed Of!

How would YOU look walking around in a "Nudist Colony?" How do you look even in EVERYDAY clothes? I'll PROVE in just 7 *days* that I can give you a body you'll be PROUD of—anywhere, anytime! Just as I have *already* done for thousands of other fellows.

I was a 97-lb. scarecrow. Then *Dynamic Tension* gave me a new body that twice won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now my same method is ready to give *your* arms, back and shoulders the mighty muscles and amazing strength of a champion—build you a he-man chest—trim down that waistline if you're fat or flabby—make you a NEW MAN of powerful build, manly vigor and real health, inside *and* outside!

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

I'll PROVE *in just 7 days* that I can give you the kind of body that men respect and women admire! Without obligation send coupon TODAY for my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It's crammed with actual photos, valuable body facts—and it's FREE. Mail coupon *now* to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 65-11 133 E. 23rd St., New York City.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 65-11, 133 East 23rd Street, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of Dynamic Tension will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

NAME
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

© 1933, C. A., Ltd.



Shampoo
LOVELIGHTS
into your hair!

Virginia Valli is fortunate, you think—yet you can make your hair as lovely as hers in a single shampooing, if you know this secret.

Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! In addition to cleansing, it gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out hidden beauty! You'd never dream such a simple little "touch" could make so much difference in your appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send 10c for sample and booklet.

J. W. KOBI CO.
633 Rainier Ave., Dept. L, Seattle, Wash.
I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair:

Tired..Nervous Wife Wins Back Pep!



HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. **NR** Tablets (**Nature's Remedy**)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists'—25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk SF-91 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER

Not a razor, liquid, paste or powder 25¢

Baby Touch is the simple, easy way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. It is odorless and painless and leaves skin soft, white and beautiful. Should last a month. Don't confuse Baby Touch with cheap imitations made of carborundum or emery paper. Insist on Baby Touch—the choice of thousands of enthusiastic women. Only 25c at drug or department stores or send 25c direct to
BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.
2351 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

20 Stories Recently Sold

for our clients to the **Talking Picture Producers** in Hollywood. All major Studios in New York closed leaving HOLLYWOOD ONLY ACTIVE MARKET. Deal with a recognized Hollywood agent. Established since 1917, in daily PERSONAL CONTACT with Studios, we know market requirements. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Manuscripts may be submitted in any form for FREE reading and report. Send for FREE BOOK giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
543 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Then, there's "Tillie and Gus" which features Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields in the name roles.

In the story Tillie and Gus are divorced. Gus is in Alaska and Tillie in China. Gus is a card sharp and Tillie can make the dice say "Seven" nine times out of ten.

Wandering on to the stage I find a reproduction of the waiting room in a San Francisco railroad station. And is it authentic! There are the ticket windows, the boards announcing the arrival and departure of trains, a heterogeneous assortment of passengers sitting on the benches waiting for their trains, some of them sleeping, people scurrying to and fro. And, at the "Tourists Aid" desk sit Skippy and the matron.

"Mrs. Matilda Winterbottom," the matron repeats, filling in a form. Then she glances at Tillie. "You say you're a Chinese missionary?"

"I said," answers Skippy with great dignity, "that I was a missionary *in* China. That, I understand, entitles me to a reduction in my railroad fare."

"Of course," the matron replies. She writes another line or two. "How did you conduct your work?"

"Through kindness," Skippy informs her. "My object was to bring them in out of the darkness—put more spirits into them, as it were—and relieve them of their material burdens."

That Skippy is going to be the death of me yet. Give me Skipworth and Boland and you can have all the Dresslers and Robsons you want.

Over at R-K-O

HERE they have four pictures going, which, for them, is a lot. One of them—"Aggie Appleby"—stars an ex-Paramounter—Wynne Gibson, who never got the breaks she deserved on the latter lot. Her new picture, which also marks the return of Charlie Farrell to the screen, is by way of being a wow.

Aggie is little and blonde—and not a lady. Her mother is dead and her father a drunken bum. When home gets too much she moves out and lands a job as waitress in a Greek restaurant. One night she is asked to stay late and serve a party. All the Greeks in the party paw her and when she screams for help it comes in the person of the tough, redheaded bouncer, Red Branagan (William Gargan). He piles up the floor with unconscious Greeks, loses his job and takes Wynne home to his shabbily furnished room. They start living together and would be very happy if he could make a steady income. But he can't get a job and his fortunes rise and fall with his crap games. Their funds give out and that was where they were when, with a beaming smile I breeze on to the set.

"Hello," says Wynne glumly.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"I'm about to be dispossessed."

"Well, it's lucky I came. I just got a check from SILVER SCREEN this morning."

"No," says Wynne firmly. "It's awfully good of you but if you paid the rent it would upset the whole plot. I'll just have to go through with it."

I glance around the set. A *very* cheaply furnished room. In fact, I should think it would be a relief to be put out of a room like that.

Wynne's costume causes me misgivings. It is of black satin with a cheap lace bodice, very short and very tight.

"Come on, folks," the director calls, and Wynne takes her place.

Shortly there is a knock at the door. "Come in," Wynne invites, walking over to it. The door opens and on the other side stands Grace Darwell, the landlady. "How's it, Mrs. Spence?" Wynne inquires. "Swell day, ain't it? Or, don't you think so?"

Darwell smiles deprecatingly. "Guess you know why I'm here."

"Well," says Wynne smiling in return, "Mr. Branagan ain't home yet. I'll send it down to you the minute he comes."

"It's $14.00—not counting the week in advance."

"Yeah," Wynne agrees amiably, "I know. Hardly worth wastin' breath over."

"Well, I'm afraid," Darwell responds, still not getting nasty about it, "I'll have to have the money or the room—tonight."

"Sure," Wynne soothes her. "You practically got it in your old sock now." She closes the door and leans against it a moment. "Sweet," she murmurs with a sarcastic inflection. Then she grimaces and gives a disgusted "Ugh! It *ain't* worth worryin' over."

"See what I'm up against?" she asks, coming back to me when the scene is finished.

On the set of "Little Women" all is sweetness and light, dished up in large helpings. Last month the set was closed to visitors but I get hold of Director



Joan Bennett and Katharine Hepburn in a scene from "Little Women," the next exhibit of the Hepburn magic.

George Cukor and threaten to expose him in print if he doesn't let me on. He turns a sickly green and bids me welcome.

The period is around Civil War time and the room—well, it's interesting as the deuce to look at but I'm darned glad I'm not living in a house furnished like that. There's an old curio cabinet filled with all sorts of china knick-knacks just waiting to catch every grain of dust in sight. Landscape paintings, such as no one uses any more, adorn the walls. A heavy plush cover hides the mantelpiece. Some wax flowers are under a glass bell. The chairs are the kind you have to sit bolt upright on.

Joan Bennett (as Amy) is a dream in a peacock blue dress (hoop skirt) and a hat to match with a dab of ostrich feathers in front and ribbons all over the place. Katharine Hepburn (as Jo) has on a brown dress in the same mode, with white ruching in the sleeves and neck. Hers is made in a kind of basque effect. And Edna May Oliver (as Aunt March) confines herself to a stiffly proper gown made of black velvet and taffeta.

"Isn't this hair of mine something to behold?" Hepburn demands of her hairdresser.

Hepburn is working as governess in the home of a New York family and Oliver and Bennett have come to see her. The latter two take their places in the stiffly formal room. A moment later the door bursts open and Hepburn rushes breathlessly in. The two girls fall into each other's arms, laughing, kissing and embracing.

"How are you, Aunt March?" says Hep-

burn suddenly remembering Oliver and kissing her warmly. "I'm so glad to see you. Come, sit down and tell me everything——"

"We can't stop now," Aunt March explains. "We have to be at the steamship office before it closes."

"Steamship office?" echoes Hepburn, stopping short. Then her face lights up. "Aunt March—Europe?" (Her boy friend, Douglass Montgomery, is over there.)

"And I'm taking Amy (Joan) with me," Edna May amends, nodding her head.

"Cut," says Cukor.

I dimly remember when, as a kid, my mother took me to see "Little Women" on the stage Alice Brady was playing *Meg,* Howard Estabrook (now one of Hollywood's ace scenario writers) was playing *Laurie* (which Douglass Montgomery plays in the picture) and John Cromwell (the director) played the tutor.

———

I march over to the set where Constance Bennett is emoting in "Without Glory." This is the story of *Carla,* a woman spy (Constance Bennett) who falls in love with a German espionage officer (Gilbert Roland). They meet in a crowded railroad station at the outset of the war, neither knowing the other is an enemy spy. After accepting Roland's aid in getting toward the front, Constance slips temporarily out of his life. While Gilbert is demanding that his German spies bring in the enemy "leak" which is destroying thousands of their soldiers, Constance is gathering advance information of surprise attacks and secret liquid-fire guns—invaluable information for her beloved Allies. Always she is just a jump ahead of his intelligence officers. She works as a seamstress and then as a cafe artist. It is in the cafe he meets her again.

It's a dingy sort of place, drab stone walls, perfectly bare. Constance and Gilbert are seated at a table with a red-checkered cloth.

"You're still being elusive," he complains.

"I haven't run away," she remonstrates.

"No," he admits, "but you're not even meeting me halfway."

"Halfway to what?" she asks.

"To loving me," says Gilbert boldly. Some trucks pass, causing the windows to rattle. Constance shudders. "What's the matter?" he wonders.

"Ammunition trucks," she whispers. "Hauling shells up to the guns. It's hard to talk of love."

When the scene is finished Constance beckons me to follow her into her dressing room. "You told Perry Lieber——," she begins argumentatively.

"It's too hot to get into an argument," I retort. "Let's skip it. Tear it up and throw it away."



"A Chance at Heaven." Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and the same old land of bliss.

There's one more set left to see at R-K-O—"A Chance at Heaven," which features Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and Marian Nixon. This concerns itself with young love in a triangle. Ginger is the small town girl, deeply in love with Joel and Marian is the wealthy society butterfly who comes to the burg for the summer. She falls in love with Joel because he's "different" and she dazzles him for the same reason, although, until she appeared, he was perfectly satisfied with Ginger—and who wouldn't be? She asks (with ulterior motives) what people do there at night. Joel tells her they go to a sucker night club. Then, in order to give her a chance to see how swell he looks when he's dressed up, he takes Ginger there in hopes of seeing Marian.

A crowd of extras are dancing about, with Joel and Ginger in their centre. Joel keeps glancing over his shoulder and Ginger senses the reason. "You haven't been dancing with me tonight," she accuses him.

"Huh?" says Joel staring at her. "OK," he continues as she smiles cryptically, "I'll bite. You know darned well I've danced every number with you."

"Not with *me,* you haven't."

It looks like a nice picture but it seems to me that Ginger should have been playing Marian's part and Marian, Ginger's. It would be a lot easier to imagine Ginger as a spoiled society girl than it is to picture Marian in the same role. But these producers just can't seem to learn that I'm always willing to help them with their casting problems.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio

THEY have seven pictures going here. The sets of "Solitaire Man" and "The Late Christopher Bean" are closed up so tight a flea couldn't get in. Marie Dressler, in the latter film, can only work three hours a day and they're afraid visitors on the set would slow them down. "Dancing Lady" (starring Joan Crawford) is only shooting by fits and starts, so I'll tell you about that next month. "Tarzan and His Mate" (featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan) is on location.

Maureen, not being needed by the "Tarzan" company today is filling in the time by working on "Stage Mother" with Alice Brady and Phillips Holmes. The picture is all Alice Brady in the role of a string-pulling, domineering stage mother—and



Maureen O'Sullivan registers excitement at the vision of Phillips Holmes with a Ronald Colman moustache.

how she plays it Not a line, not a nuance escapes her!

Never able to reach the heights of stage fame herself, she determines her daughter shall, and every effort is directed towards that end. She has two unfortunate marriages herself, breaks up a real romance in her daughter's (Maureen's) life, blackmails the boy's mother into paying her ten thousand dollars and succeeds in making the boy believe Maureen is party to the

★ ★

For that Starry-eyed Look



LET US introduce you to a gadget that you'll bless all the rest of your life. It's to curl your lashes. Slip them through the bow (the lashes), squeeze the handle, and the lashes bend to an enchanting curl. As simple as that. No heat. No cosmetics. And it's so gentle that the lashes, far from being harmed, seem more lustrous; the eyes larger and more lovely. At toilet-goods counters everywhere. $1.

KURLASH

Would you like our booklet on lovely eyes, how to have them? Write to us for it. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York.

DR. WALTER'S
Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments



LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure..... **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measure.... **$3.75**

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne S. M. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

WONDER PEEL PASTE
"One Day Home Treatment"
Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Pits, Scars, Puffs, Acne, Crepy Neck.
No redness afterwards.
$5.00
IMPORTED TURTLE OIL
Builds and firms the Bust—**$3.00 and $5.00**
MME. ADELE
Dept. 95. 3809 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

A Portrait Sketch of You
or of your sweetheart, child or friend. Send in your favorite snapshot or photo together with $2.00 to **Mather Tower Studio, Chicago, Illinois,** and receive post free a beautiful 8"x10" portrait sketch from same. (If desired in color directions and $5 instead of $2 must be mailed.)





THIS WAY TO END PIMPLES.. BLACKHEADS!

You'll hardly believe your skin *could* be so much softer and smoother—so free from pimples and blackheads. Yet in just five days after you start to treat your skin with cool, fragrant, activated Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, your skin will seem five years younger! Not only blemishes, but freckles, dusky tan and ugly, ageing muddiness are gone. Start this treatment tonight; if in five days you are not delighted, your money back! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today!

FORM REDUCED

Are you embarrassed by excess fat that hangs in shapeless, unsightly masses? Do you want to reduce your bust, lift the sag, and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Let me tell you how FREE.

Take off Flabby, Sagging Fat

Don't let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure, make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim figure of youth. My wonderful "PRESCRIPTION 36" treatment banishes fat, *remoulds the form.*

A TRIM, YOUNG FIGURE FOR YOU

Let me send you *free* a trial container of "Prescription 36" and instructions. Just enclose 10c to cover forwarding charges.

DORIS KENT, Dept. SC-11
80 E. 11th St.
New York, N. Y.

FREE

Just send your name and address with 10c forwarding charge for my trial treatment for reducing the bust. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

We teach Beauty Culture. **Send 6¢ in stamps TODAY for Booklet.** For promptness in writing me, I will include a $2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations.

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 30-N, Providence, R.I.



Want a career in PHOTOGRAPHY?

Big opportunities. Learn quickly. 23 years experience training men and women for successful careers in Photography (commercial, news, portrait, motion picture). Free booklet, *How to Succeed in Photography.*

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
10 West 33 St., (Dept. 64-A) NEW YORK CITY



"MEXICAN ORIZABA"

To introduce our Blue-White Rainbow Flash MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send a 1 kt. ORIZABA Ring (looks like $200 stone). Regular $5 value for this ad and $1. Mail TODAY. Mention Ring size. AGENTS WANTED! Sell your friends, make money. Only $1 starts you. Mail NOW. Offer Limited.

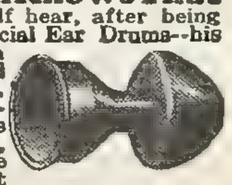
MEXICAN ORIZABA GEM IMPORT CO.
329 S. Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That



George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address



Artificial Ear Drum

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
755 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

plot. Then she sells Maureen to a big politician and when his campaign managers order her to leave the country or be bumped off she manages to collect twenty-five thousand more from them.

We pick them up on shipboard as they leave the country. She is flinging Maureen at the head of a young English nobleman (Phil Holmes).

"Make this child walk around—will you?" she begs him, motioning towards Maureen. Then she starts away giving the latter a dirty look. "Excuse me," over her shoulder, "while I scram—for an ounce of prevention." She laughs at her own little joke and hurries away towards the bar.

"Get up out of there," Phil orders Maureen humorously. "Take a walk!"

———

Crossing the lot to the set of "Bombshell," which stars Jean Harlow, I ran into Franchot Tone. "What about that interview you did on me months ago?" he asks.

"It'll be out next month," I assure him.

"Is it any good?" he demands.

"Of course it's good," I retort. "*I* did it, didn't I?"

"A genuine old Mook," he grins, sniffing at a gardenia he carries in his hand.

I don't need any crystal to tell me he's been having lunch with Joan Crawford. That flower is a dead giveaway.

A few feet further on I pass a public telephone and there is Lupe Velez in white



Grace Hayle and Jean Harlow in "Bombshell." (See story on page 18.)

pants, black and white checked coat and—don't faint—*flaming red hair.* She's trying to get her Johnnee on the 'phone but she's screeching so—as she always does over the 'phone, I don't even have to stop to find out what she's saying. I can hear her just as well after I get inside the stage.

"Bombshell" seems to concern itself with a synthetic movie star who doesn't know what it's all about. She has a home of about twenty rooms and thirty baths. Jean Harlow is the starlet, and at the moment she is being interviewed by a chatter writer named Mrs. Titcomb (Grace Hayle).

Nobody but a movie star could live in that place. It's a nightmare. The bar opens on to the drawing room. Over the bar hang pictures of all the M-G-M stars, including Joan Crawford. That's a laugh for anyone who knows how Miss Crawford feels about Miss Harlow. The furniture in the drawing room is yellow velvet. On the divan, Louise Beavers, who plays the colored maid, lolls at her ease. Off the drawing room is the music room with a white baby grand piano and a gold harpsichord.

Just now, the interview is being concluded. Jean stands in the archway between dining room and hall with a baked potato on a fork, and Grayce is busy with her pencil and notebook.

Suddenly Grayce gets a glaumy look in her eyes and takes both Jean's hands in hers. "Tell me, dear," she begs, "you're a woman (whoever questioned it, I want to know), you're just the sweet, unspoiled girl I knew you were. Don't you ever in the midst of the gruelling pace of your career—doesn't there ever come a longing for the right of All Womanhood?"

Jean hasn't been coached beforehand about the right of All Womanhood and she's just a little confused by the question. "Let's see—er—you mean—er——"

"I mean," Mrs. Titcomb explains, her lashes fluttering, "doesn't this house seem empty at times? Don't you ever find yourself listening for the patter of little feet?"

"Why," Jean stammers, and then she gets it. A sad, soulful expression creeps over her face. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Titcomb—*yes!*"

"OK. Cut," instructs Director Victor Fleming. "Let's try it once more and this time, Jean, try to get more pathos into your expression on that second 'yes.'"

Jean has never looked lovelier than she does in her red plaid gingham dress, with a big white organdy bow at the neck and a white organdy apron over the skirt. "When are you coming up to go swimming in my new pool?" she asks me. Imagine swimming with Jean Harlow! I leave with my head in a whirl.

———

"Penthouse," which features Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, is another underworld story. The plot is too involved to go into detail, but Warner had been engaged to Martha Sleeper until he gives up his law practice to become a detective. Then she gives him the air and gets herself engaged to Phillips Holmes. Police find Phil on a balcony with a revolver in his hand and his mistress (Mae Clarke) dead beside him.

He is arrested for the murder and Martha goes flying back to Warner to help her save him. He figures that the shooting was done by a gangster from an apartment on the opposite side of the street. With several police officers (including Robert Emmett O'Connor) he calls on George E. Stone, a dope fiend and tool of Crelliman (C. Henry Gordon), the gangster whom Warner suspects of the murder. They're pretending to frame Stone so as to get him to confess who did the murder. The cops are holding Stone, when Warner picks up a gun in his gloved hand and goes toward the window. He aims the gun at the roof across the street.

"What are you doing?" demands Stone in a panic.

"I'm getting ready to bump off the man who stole my girl," Warner answers unconcernedly.

"That's *my* gun!" Stone shouts.

"Exactly," says Baxter drily.

"Hey, wait a minute! You can't do it from here! They'll pin it on me!"

"Sure they will," Baxter smiles. "That's the big idea. Aren't you the bright boy to guess it?"

"You can't get away with a thing like this!" Stone shrieks trying to break away from the two men holding him.

As I turn to leave the set, Robert Emmett O'Connor stops me. "Say kid," he grins, "I've finally got away from police parts."

"Swell," I congratulate him. "What kind of parts are you doing now?"

"Well, in *this* picture," he informs me solemnly, "I'm playing a detective!"

———

Fox has only one picture shooting, "My Weakness," which stars Lew Ayres and Lilian Harvey. I told you about that one last month.

Universal continues with "Only Yesterday," which has been shooting since the last of May and which shows no signs of ever finishing, and "The Invisible Man," which is barred to visitors because they don't want people to discover how they make him invisible.



Barbara Stanwyck is making "Ever in My Heart," with Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick. What ho, frustration!

At United Artists

HERE "The Bowery" (the first Twentieth Century production) which features Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper and Fay Wray, has just finished. "Blood Money" starring George Bancroft is on location. Samuel Goldwyn, on the same lot, has in production "Roman Scandals," starring Eddie Cantor, and "Nana," which is Anna Sten's first picture. "Scandals" has knocked off and called it a day so I jog out to see Anna.

The scene they're shooting requires no set—just an arched doorway. *Nana* (Anna Sten) is a child of the Parisian gutters. Her mother dies and her father has just been guillotined for killing a man whom he found was the mother's lover, and who wasn't paying his way as he went. On the way back from the guillotine she runs into a man known, in the script, simply as "The Hairy Man." They spend the afternoon together (none too innocently, either) and she is just leaving him in the doorway.

Anna jingles some coins in her hand and looks at him with her strange smile.

Sten is really beautiful. Sometimes she looks like Vilma Banky in her heydey and other times like Marlene Dietrich at her loveliest. I'm eager to see this picture. Her whole future in American films probably depends upon it.

———

There is only the Warner Brothers-First National lot left to visit. Three pictures are shooting out there.

"The House on 56th St.," stars Kay Francis and features Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez and Margaret Lindsay. Dolly Martin (Kay), young and beautiful, a member of the Floradora sextette, lives the life of many another chorus girl with an elderly sugar daddy. She is deeply in love, however, with Monte Van Tyle (Gene Raymond), a young aristocrat. When he proposes she tells her elderly lover she will not see him again. Kay and Gene take an extended honeymoon. On their return she finds he has built her a beautiful home on 56th St.

They drive up in one of the first models of automobiles and Gene gestures towards the house. "Welcome home, my dear. All the time we've been away they've been building this for us to come back to."

He gets out of the car, comes around and picks her up in his arms. "A good old custom says that a bride is *carried* over the threshold of her new home."

Kay looks lovelier every time I see her.

From this simple beginning the plot becomes quite complicated and tense. Death, ruination, thievery and chicanery enter into it. It's the best story she's had in a long, long time.

"Ever in My Heart" is engaging Barbara Stanwyck's attention. She marries a German and they have a baby boy. They buy him a dachshund to keep him company. The war breaks out and both Barbara's family and their neighbors are strongly pro-Ally. Bab's husband (Otto Kruger) is dropped from the university staff, where he is a professor, on account of his nationality. They have scarcely enough to eat.

Then America enters the war and life becomes intolerable. He sends Barbara home to her people and then leaves her to go and fight for his own country. They meet again in France (she as a war nurse, he as a spy). When she finds what he is and sees he is about to be captured, she realizes she still loves him and rather than have him executed, puts poison in some wine which they drink together.

Poor Stanwyck. I wish she'd get a picture once where she wouldn't have to suffer through five and a half reels.

———

Paul Muni's new picture, "The World Changes," is the story of the Nordholm family. Paul's father and mother emigrate from Sweden to North Dakota, where they settle on a farm, and Paul is born. They want him to stay on the farm and marry the girl next door, but he develops an overpowering ambition as he grows to manhood. He interests a large meat packer from Omaha (Guy Kibbee) in him and eventually works himself up to a partnership in the business, marrying Kibbee's daughter—Mary Astor.



Walter Walker and Paul Muni in "The World Changes," another of the "darling, I am growing old" films.

As Paul becomes wealthier, Mary becomes ambitious socially. She feels his business is degrading to her. As the years pass, one of her sons becomes engaged to a girl from a prominent eastern family. To impress them she tells them Paul is retiring from the packing business to devote himself to art. When the word gets out it almost ruins him. Then he tells Mary she is going to remain in the packing business and like it. She flies into a superb fit of rage and ends by having a stroke.

The doctors, headed by Walter Walker, are just coming out of her room when Muni stops them. "She has regained consciousness—to an extent, Mr. Nordholm."

"Thank God!" bursts from Paul's lips.

"But under no condition must she be disturbed in the slightest manner," he continues. "Her mind, Mr. Nordholm. There is almost a complete cerebral collapse."

I swear a fellow doesn't know what to do nowadays. If he does what's right and continues in an honest business his wife goes crazy. If he gives in to her and does what *she* wants he'd go crazy himself. All I can do is to pray that next month there won't be so many pictures in production or *I'll* go crazy!

VIGNY

PARIS

PERFUMES OF CHARM

An exquisite complement to feminine loveliness.



GOLLIWOGG

The Perfume of Romance

"—the lucky li'l feller"

GOLLIWOGG FACE POWDER at $1.00

GUILI-GUILI

(The Tropical God of Good Fortune)

—An intriguing fragrance that lends new charm.

GUILI-GUILI • CHICK-CHICK

JAMEROSE

Vigny perfumes are priced from $3 to $50. In the introductory purse size at $1.35.





VIGNY LIPSTICK

Absolutely and permanently indelible.

De luxe Automatic Case $1.00

On sale at department and drug stores.

VIGNY—*Paris* . . . 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

In Canada—Perfumes, Ltd, Montreal

Blonde Hair

Must have special care to keep it always golden

HOW quickly blonde hair darkens unless given *special care!* That's why millions of wise blondes use Blondex—the special shampoo for blonde and light hair. Prevents darkening. Brings back golden beauty to even the dullest hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh, injurious chemicals. Two sizes—25¢ and $1.00. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.





Here's a Queer Way to *Learn* Music!

No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real *tunes* perfectly by note. *Quickly* learn to play any "jazz" or classical selection—right at home in your spare time. All instruments.

FREE Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully. Mention instrument preferred.

U. S. School of Music, 11911 Brunswick Bldg., New York City



A WARM SECRET *for* COLD DAYS

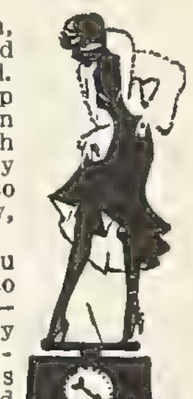
Indera FIGURFIT

SLIPS

Now be like thousands of other women who know the secret of looking lovely and dainty on the coldest days. Wear Indera Figurfit (Coldpruf) Knit Slips.
Made by special process, these slips can be worn beneath the most dainty frocks without bunching, crawling or any inconvenience. They lie smooth, snug and are really warm. STA-UP shoulder straps really stay up.
Insist upon Indera Slips and protect your health on biting days. Highest quality and lowest prices.
Your choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and wool.
Sizes for Women, Misses and Children.
Write for FREE descriptive style catalog No. 75.
INDERA MILLS COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Fat Joplin Girl Lost 44 Lbs.

Amazing Hollywood Prescription Guarantees You Safely Lose 16 Lbs. In 18 Days—Or No Cost



Read Miss Margrette Staley's of Joplin, Mo., own words: "More praise to Hollywood 18. It's wonderful. My friends are amazed. No wonder those movie girls easily keep pretty figures. I weighed 184 pounds on March 27th and today, June 21st, I weigh 140. Lost 44 pounds. Feel marvelous. My figure looks 10 years younger and was so easy to lose." Signed, Margrette Staley, 214 Penn. Ave., Joplin, Mo.

I don't care how fat you are or what you have tried. There is only one sure way to safely reduce. You must remove the cause—toxins that encourage fat. That's exactly what sciences' latest discovery does. Originated for the overweight movie stars. It's now available to you. Positively safe and harmless.

No starving, pills, equipment or exercises. You reduce with the same prescription that the movie stars use who have to keep their lovely figures. Pleasant and easy.

And we prove it to you. We guarantee you will lose at least 16 pounds in 18 days, look and feel 100% better or you don't pay a cent. We send you the complete, original HOLLYWOOD 18 treatments for only $1.00. Weigh yourself today and 18 days later. If you don't lose at least 16 pounds we return your money. Write MEED COMPANY, Dept. 72, 3629 Main, Kansas City, Mo.

[NOTE: To hasten reducing excessively fatty parts, hips, bust, arms, legs, add $1.00 extra for Hollywood Masseuse Creme]



WANTED STRONG MEN FOR THE MOVIES

Physical Culture Training won me a Movie Contract. Now 3,500 athletes are in pictures! Studios are clamoring for men with **perfect physiques** . . . men with Physical Culture Training.

Free Trip to Hollywood

To meet this demand, I now offer **YOU** the chance to win **Free Trip to Hollywood with Screen and Talkie Test.** Through my home-training Physical Culture Course, I'll develop **you** into the kind of big, muscular HE-MAN the Studios are seeking. **Let me prove it.** No obligation. Just mail coupon for Free Illustrated Book, telling about my low-priced course, easy terms and Free Movie Contest.

Joe Bonomo, 250-D Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
Send me Free Book and details of your Course and Free Movie Contest. I am over 16.
Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....

LOVE ANALYSED

My new LOVE CHART, covering the psychology of the sexes, will help you solve your problems. Strictly confidential. Send One Dollar to

Julia Thorndyke
38 Broadway Buffalo, N. Y.

"Easy to Hurt"

[*Continued from page* 13]

"But who is going to pay for it?"

"Pay for it. What kind of a hospital are you? Why are you a hospital—" Joan slammed up the receiver, rushed into some clothes and dashed to the hospital. She called her own physician and two brain specialists. An operation might save Paul's life; on the other hand, it might kill him. They asked Joan to make the decision. "I can't. I can't take such a responsibility," she sobbed. She did not leave him until the end came. She spent her entire Christmas in the hospital. She hovered close by until he died—upon the operating table. . . . She gave her day, the day which should have been the most joyous of the year, to a little lad who had one of the humblest positions on her pictures. She went home and to bed. The next morning she opened her Christmas presents with hands and lips that still trembled.

And she has not forgotten. Her hands and her lips still tremble when she talks about him.

Nor has she forgotten one moment of her life with Douglas, although she does not talk about it. To Joan, marriage meant "happiness ever after." Her love for him was so deep, so sincere that her entire world revolved around it. He was the sun; she was a lesser planet. I remember when she would read the letters he wrote her. Not only because of what they said to her but because of their literary value. "Isn't he wonderful? He will make a great writer. He will make a great poet." She believed that Douglas was the perfect man; she believed that he and she were entering heaven, together.

But there are no perfect men. There is no heaven that woman can capture—as she captures a butterfly in her net while exploring through spring-flowered hillsides. No marriage based upon a love so deep, so all-absorbing could last. As one dreams—so is one disillusioned. The more perfect the picture we build from our imaginations, the more terrible the hurt when we find that realism has destroyed it.

I had often wondered what Joan would do when she found that Douglas—fine as he is—is only human. One Sunday afternoon, nearly two years ago, when I went down to see them, I had a glimpse of Joan that was completely revealing. I had written a story hinting that love was meeting its obstacles between them. The telephone summoned me to come down and see Joan about it. I found her in the little sunroom in the rear of the house which they had bought and furnished together. I have seldom seen a woman as miserable as poor Joan. Not even the most embittered cynic could believe that she was not honest. Acting has its limitations. Suffering, to a woman like Joan, has none. The story was never printed. No woman could hurt another woman who was suffering as Joan Crawford was suffering at that moment.

Joan is foolish sometimes. She admits it. "I don't know why—" Women who are so easily hurt, women whose nerves are as sensitive as a seismograph recording slight tremblers hundreds of miles distant, are often foolish. They feel first and think later.

And women as sensitive, as emotional, as yearning as Joan can never concentrate all of themselves upon a single object forever. When I think of all that Joan Crawford has accomplished since she first came to Hollywood, I wonder if she is super-human or just too-human.

Many women have small fortunes invested in their educations. College degrees; trips to Europe. They accept these advantages as their birthrights. Joan had no such birthright. What education she secured, she washed dishes to pay for. After one year in college she had to leave. She has always regretted that necessity.

Yet I would put Joan into a discussion upon literature, art and current reading material with the average college woman—and bet upon Joan. I remember one evening when I went behind stage to see Douglas Jr., when he was playing the legitimate theatre in Los Angeles. He did not know I was coming. Joan did not know it. She was reading Papini's "Life of Christ." A group of books which she had purchased on the way to the theatre was on the table. They were histories and biographies.

About a month ago, she was playing "Who Am I?" with a group of Hollywood



Wide World

Hollywood Premiere! At the "Dinner at Eight" opening, the stars were there in person. Dressler and Jean Harlow heard how an ovation sounds.

Tune in on the
SILVER SCREEN PROGRAM
Every Friday at 4:15
WOV | WPEN
New York | Philadelphia
Music • Gossip • News

Enlarge Your Chest-Line!



Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES now all the vogue. Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment at home. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful.

JUST SEND ME YOUR NAME



and address and I will mail you my trial Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges. See how easily and quickly you can develop alluring feminine charm. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

Marie Dunne, Dept. SC-11
122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Quick Relief, or You Only Pay When Satisfied

If you suffer from High Blood pressure, dizziness, ringing in the ears, can't sleep at nights, feel weak and shaky, bad taste, nervous. If your heart pounds and you fear a paralytic stroke, to demonstrate the value of Dr. Hayes' successful prescription we will send you postpaid, a regular $1 treatment on absolutely FREE TRIAL. While it is non-specific, many cases report remarkably quick relief; often symptoms diminish and quiet normal sleep returns within 3 days. Contains no salts, physics, opiates or dope. Absolutely harmless. You can continue with treatment you are taking. It cannot conflict. Perfectly safe with any diet. PAY NOTHING UNLESS GREATLY IMPROVED. Then send $1. If not your report cancels the charge. Write to Dr. Hayes Ass'n., 3051 Coates House, Kansas City, Mo.—Adv.

Learn to Dance



You can learn all the modern dances—the latest Tango steps, the new Fox Trots, dreamy Waltzes, smart Collegiate Steps, and popular Society Steps at home, easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Don't be a wallflower. Learn to dance. Complete course—285 pages, 54 illustrations, sent on 5 Days' Free Trial. Equals $20.00 course. Send no money. Pay postman only $1.98, plus postage upon arrival. Money back if not delighted. Catalog Free.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 No. Clark St., Dept. B715, Chicago

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 4438, Chicago, Illinois

Ends Unsightly Hair

BEFORE



AFTER

LADIES! Why suffer the embarrassment of superfluous hair? You can rid yourself permanently of this annoyance with ten simple treatments of this marvelous cream. MARVEL will not harm the skin of a baby. Results guaranteed or money refunded immediately. Send only $1.50 today and a large jar of MARVEL will be forwarded to you postpaid by return mail.

CRYSTAL CHEMICAL CO., Dept. H, Suite 716
82 W. Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

people. This game consists of one person leaving the room and adopting the rôle of an historical character. *"I was born in . . . Who am I? . . . I led an army against . . . Who am I?" . . . Perhaps it is Julius Caesar. Possibly, Napoleon.* Joan felt that she did not know enough, yet, to play that game efficiently. She was appalled by her lack of dates and actual, specific knowledge of many people in history. She sent to a Los Angeles college and hired a professor. Now she is studying the history of the world from one of America's experts when she is between pictures.

Franchot Tone is a graduate of Cornell. He is learned and cultured. "He uses words I never heard of," admits Joan. "I stop him each time and make him explain the exact meaning." She learns something from each person she contacts.

Right now, Joan is frightened that people will think that she wears her emotions too near the surface. A magazine caricatured recently a group of Hollywood's famous. Under the picture of Joan was "The Pain Of It All." Joan was hurt as much by this picture as by the letter of criticism. She carried it around for days wondering what she had better do to keep the world from thinking she was crying surface emotions all over Hollywood.

Joan cannot help showing the world part of the hurt which is in her. Like most sensitive people, the big hurts of her life are never seen by her friends or her public. They are buried deep within her. Only the hills over which she walks, or the roads upon which she rides when her emotions become so all-absorbing that she can scarcely live with them, know the true hurts of Joan Crawford. Her tears come easily—she cannot help them any more than Lupe Velez can help the natural effervescence which is such a part of her.

Louise Closser Hale was one of Joan's idols. The day after her recent death, Joan went to the studio as usual. She sat upon the set, in a darkened corner, her face as white as fine porcelain; her eyes twin mirrors for sorrow. She did not cry. She did not speak of the woman whom she had loved and called, endearingly, "Miranda." While others were sobbing aloud, Joan was silent. Her tears were shed where others could not see, and so could not force sympathy into the sacredness of her memory.

Perhaps Louise Closser Hale understood Joan Crawford as few others did. One day she sent a little note to Joan's home. It read, in part: "I walked by your dressing room today and I saw my child was busy thinking. Go ahead and think. Don't let anyone stop you, my child."

No one can stop her. She has tried to stop herself. She has thrown herself into night clubs, dancing, social entertainments, reading, love, and into her career as few other women can throw themselves into any one of them. She has spread her emotions over a vast area but nothing has stopped the great sensitiveness which is within her; nothing can stop the great yearning for "happiness and perfection complete" which is always just around the corner. She may never find it. But she will never stop searching. If she did—she would no longer be a great actress. For the drama, which is as natural a part of her as her flesh and her bones, is what makes true artists. True artists are always easy to hurt but difficult to understand. That is why the world so often misjudges them.

The radio advertisers' thirst for movie names isn't making out very well. None of the big stars have signed, although Garbo is reported to have been offered $10,000 for one program. She snubbed it. Ouch!



ANITA LOUISE, GLAMOROUS MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS

Be the Girl with
ENTICING EYES!

● When men find a glance enchanting . . . here's the secret! Silken, curly *lashes* . . . dark and heavy . . . make your eyes seem the largest, deepest in the world.

This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows . . . and uses . . . Winx, the NEW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxuriant loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up . . . just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or fleck off. Won't smart. Never stiffens into sharp points or coarse, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try it. Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow.** It is not greasy, and comes in 5 subtle shades.

Winx



BLACKHEADS!

DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful **KLEERPLEX WASH!** Has marvelous pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause quickly, safely. Renews, lightens, beautifies skin. **Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in social and business life.** See instant improvement! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best! Send $1.00 NOW for your 2 mo.'s supply of wonderful **KLEERPLEX WASH,** to Kleerplex (Dept. 8), 1 W. 34th St., New York. If C. O. D. 20c extra. Outside U. S. $1.25 & no C.O.D's. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** *Clip this adv.*

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR FACE

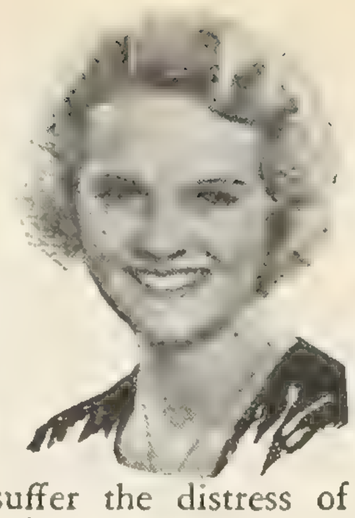


Have perfect features by plastic science as perfected in the great Polyclinic of Vienna. Poorly shaped noses, protruding and large ears corrected. Lips Reshaped. Wrinkles around eyes, mouth, double chins, signs of age and worry, may be removed. For both men and women. MODERATE FEES. Consultation and Booklet FREE.

DR. STOTTER FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION
50 EAST 42nd Street, Dept. 41-B, New York City

NOW!

Radiate Charm and Vitality



ALL MONTH LONG!

No longer need you suffer the distress of periodic pain. Banish forever those dread days that sap your strength and rob you of your youthful charm. Don't submit to the old order. Use MYLIN!



MYLIN contains no narcotics or habit forming drugs and is a pure, medical, uterine sedative that gives safe, sure, quick relief. Keep a supply of MYLIN handy and take a capsule at the first sign of periodic pain or headache. MYLIN gives relief within 15 to 20 minutes. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25¢ for the new purse size package or 75¢ for a year's supply. Address Dept. D. Mifflin Chemical Corp., Delaware Ave. and Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MYLIN

SAFE, SURE, QUICK RELIEF FROM PERIODIC PAIN AND HEADACHE



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with thesecret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 40, Chicago.

LOST 42 LBS.

..without Drugs or Exercise!



BEFORE 200 lbs. AFTER 158 lbs.

—Mrs. P. A., Glendale, California, says: "I have lost 42 lbs. in weight since taking CHENO, 7 inches in waistline, 8 inches in hips, 8 inches in bust, 1½ inches in upper arm. I gained in pep and energy, look and feel years younger. I can now wear size 18 dresses."

Reduce with CHENO

The Five Factor Reducing System

There is only one cause for overweight—glandular inability and a lack of materials in the system for oxidizing fat. All the reducing remedies on earth can give only temporary relief, and fat comes back when efforts cease unless the underlying cause is remedied.

CHENO supplies the missing elements in food form—iodine, iron, calcium, phosphates, etc. for oxidizing fat. Removes bloat, improves health. Does not contain drugs or gland substances, does not upset the stomach or affect the heart. Clinical tests on 100 fat women showed all reduced through hips and waist line first.

Send No Money
Get This FREE Booklet

There are SIX distinct types of overweight. This 24-page FREE booklet tells which type you are, why most reducing remedies fail and how the CHENO scientific food treatment will enable you to lose many pounds excess weight and STAY slender.

CHENO PRODUCTS CO.

723 Seward Street Hollywood, California

Overtures to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 9]

you're addicted to sheer hose. There are several types of depilatories, creams, powders, liquids, waxes and the pumice stone types. Here are a few good rules, however, which apply to the use of all of them. First: if the hair is very long, cut it off close to the skin. Second: be sure your arms or legs are thoroughly dry, and then powder with talcum (against the grain of the hair) before applying the depilatory. This powdering business makes the hair stand out and away from the skin. Third: a good acne lotion or cold cream applied after using a depilatory will tone down any redness.

Are you still with me? By this time, your plastic cream has thoroughly dried and hardened, and you can go back to your face. Remove the mask with warm water. Then, before you apply your astringent, clean up your eyebrows a bit . . . plucking the straggly hairs from *under* the brow. Most of us can stand more width between eyes and brows—and thinning the brows from the underside, gives us just that. Of course you need to keep the upper line of the brow straight and even, but don't do any drastic deducting there!

This done, you can proceed with your astringent lotion or cream—with your powder foundation and make-up. After that, slip into your dress, and take the apron strings off your hair! A few last touches to the coiffure—and presto! You're remade from tip to toe and back again. And *ain't* it a grand and glorious feeling!



It is the "Beauty for Sale" set, and Eddie Nugent and Madge Evans are being directed by Richard Boleslavsky of "Rasputin" fame.

"Sh-h! I'm Happily Married!"

[*Continued from page* 47]

admitted to me, when we had a rendezvous in a fantastic Hollywood beer garden, across the street from United Artists', where she has been doing "The Bowery" with George Raft and Wallace Beery.

During the recent strike the studios were patrolled by policemen, and it was more fun. Just like war! Not even writers were allowed on the sets—afraid some of us might throw a bomb!

So Fay had to come out, frilly Gay Nineties costume and all, during the lunch hour. Her blue eyes wider than ever, her hair gone red and arranged in a demure pompadour, she looked cool and collected despite its being the most unusual (the temperature was hitting 100 degrees!) day we had this summer. Certainly she appeared too youthful to be a record-making wife.

You must remember the Fay of her prelove era to comprehend the change which is so noticeable in her now.

Essentially sincere and "nice," she was raised to do what is proper, and she always has and probably always will. However, so carefully was she shielded from life that the vital, exciting things passed her by. They went over her head. Conscientious but passive, she was accurately cataloged by the screen as pretty and unmistakably immature.

Her big break came when Erich von Stroheim chose her for the lead in "The Wedding March." Fay's innocent loveliness won her a Paramount contract and her struggle for an "in" was over.

She had been attending Hollywood High when the urge to become an actress could no longer be submerged. Born in Wrayland, Canada, she spent an uneventful childhood in Utah, where her father was employed by mining companies. She developed tonsilitis and, when she was fourteen, the family moved to Hollywood to improve her health.

"I recovered promptly," she explains, now that it is safe to confess. "For at that tender age my heart was already decided on acting. A Broadway reputation was my goal and I nurtured the idea that the movies could be the means to finance a venture to New York."

At sixteen she quit high school to debut in two-reel comedies. They weren't noteworthy, yet they were a start. Gradually

She Thought Her Figure Was *Hopeless!*



You, too, can REDUCE a Large Bust this New Easy Way

IS your bust large? Reduce that bulging, matronly chest-line to the slender, girlish lines of youth. Take 3 or more inches off your bust measure.

Lift sagging tissues

Just apply FORMULA-X treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. This wonderful new discovery quickly removes soft, flabby fat, firms and moulds the bust to trim shapeliness. Bust is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag. No wrinkles.

Special Offer NOW

Take advantage of special introductory offer now. Send only $1.00 for large container of FORMULA-X and instructions. See how easy it is to take off that ugly chest-line bulge with this safe home treatment for reducing and reshaping the bust. Offer Limited—**send $1.00 at once.**

BETTY DREW (Dept. SC-11)
799 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

No More Whiskey Drinking



The Happy Reunion

Try It FREE

Wives, mothers, sisters, it is you that the man who drinks Whiskey, Wine or Beer to excess must depend upon to help save him from a ruined life and a drunkard's grave. Take heed from the thousands of men going to ruin daily through vile bootlegger's Whiskey, and the horrible stuff called home brew from private stills. Once he gets it in his system he finds it difficult to quit—but you can help him. What it has done for others is an example of what it should do for you. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of GOLDEN TREATMENT. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address

DR. J. W. HAINES CO.
329 Glenn Building Cincinnati, Ohio

LADIES



I positively guarantee my great successful "Relief Compound." Safely relieves some of the most unnaturally painful and functionally delayed cases in 3 to 5 days.

FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY women from all over the country have used this compound with remarkable results. Testimonials without number. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail, $2. Double strength, $3. Booklet Free. Also FREE with each order while they last 2 Books of 127 pages entitled "What Every Married Woman Should Know" by Fielding and "The Physiology of Sex Life" by Dr. Greer. Simply mail this ad and your order today for either single or double strength treatment to DR. F. T. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

she progressed to the ingenue rank, her naïve delicacy distinguishing her from the crowds of yearning young souls. Finally, at nineteen, she was discovered by von Stroheim.

Beaux had naturally gravitated to her. But Fay was closely chaperoned by her mother and, anyway, she was preoccupied with herself. She was concerned about films, not men.

Then along came love!

Though she is hesitant about mentioning her personal seventh heaven, you have to know her husband to fathom Fay. Handsome and undoubtedly one of the most brilliant young men in Hollywood, John Monk Saunders was obviously superior to the average admirer and she couldn't help falling thoroughly in love with him.

There was no pausing to worry about her career. She simply slipped away to New England and married. That happened when she was twenty.

Saunders, only thirty-five now, has distinguished himself as an author of fiction, plays, and scenarios. Brought west to adapt his story "Wings," he has written practically all of the notable air dramas with the exception of "Hell's Angels."

A popular Sigma Chi at the University of Washington, he enrolled in the 94th Aero Squadron when nineteen. After the war he went to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, a privilege awarded to a chosen few of our smartest collegians.

Returning from England, he was listed with the illustrious in "Who's Who in America," as he had firmly established his name as a writer. Now he has taken on a new line. He has turned director and his initial production is "The Balloon Buster" for Radio.

You can easily see what an influence a man of his calibre would have on an eager but suppressed girl such as Fay was. No one appreciated her potentialities until Saunders was introduced to her on a memorable evening. He swept her off her feet with his polished, romantic courtship. The sophisticated actresses whom he'd formerly rushed were amazed to find the unobtrusive Fay capturing the town prize.

No gaudy publicity has marred their union. They have a beautiful home of conservative English architecture. It is in Hollywood and its tranquil air is typical of its owners. A far cry from the pretentious newly-rich mansions.

They seldom entertain on a large scale because both have busy careers. Premieres, cocktail parties, and the extravagant fads do not intrigue them. Fay prefers sun baths, vegetarian diet, and reading. Dressing in the height of good taste, she is indifferent to extreme styles. She adores to play tennis with her own husband and revels in a fast game of ping pong.

"Of course I'm not satisfied," she laughs. "I want to travel and you can't do that and get ahead in pictures. I wish I had time to learn all sorts of things, to investigate what other people are doing and thinking." These longings are sacrificed to her two great interests, her husband and acting.

Luckily the producers have awakened to the grown-up Fay. Love has opened her eyes to the world and its myriad wonders, and she is eligible for characterizations that matter. Two years ago she culminated her original dream by starring on the New York stage in her husband's play "Nikki." That gave her confidence and redoubled her enthusiasm for amounting to something in Hollywood.

"I have no rules for staying happily married," she insists. Between you and me, I surmise that therein lies her secret for victorious wifehood. Faced with every one of the customary Hollywood matrimonial difficulties, she has emerged serenely by living an ultra-modern life on old-fashioned principles.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION Without Rouge



Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge? And color that is *all your own?* If you suffer from constipation give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—just let Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the gentle internal cleansers, help Nature do its magic work for you!

Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores purged and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

A sample package—sufficient to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent to you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 30-D, Marshall, Mich.

Name
Address
Town

CORNS

and Sore Toes Relieved at Once



Take no chances—use the one safe, sure way that stops pain quickly — also removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause, friction and pressure of shoes; prevent blisters and sore toes. Always keep a box handy. Sold by all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Consult Yogi Alpha

NEW 1934 READING NOW READY



1934 will be the year of opportunity. Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and astrologer, who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a 2500 word Giant Astrological Reading, based on your sign in the Zodiac, giving you predictions month by month with exact days, dates and happenings for 1934 and balance of 1933. Consult it before making any changes in business, signing papers, love, marriage, employment, speculation, health, accidents, lucky days, travel, etc. Send only 50c and exact birth date for complete Astrological Forecast. 300-word Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied. **YOGI ALPHA** Box 1411, Dept. 88 San Diego, Calif.

If you have a friend who wishes reading, send $1 for the TWO readings.

FREE 300-WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES
BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



Meet your favorite Movie star ~

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10 glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for $1.00. Scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays 25c each. 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c stamps.

Bram Studio,—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 397, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

The Final Fling



Katharine Hepburn

YOU must see "Morning Glory."

The pictures that move began very crudely—physical action being all that was asked of any opus—and horse operas galloped "hell-for-leather" through the box office. Next came the emotional pictures. Love, ah! And sex, mmmmm! Then we moved into the land of the mental giants with plots, with suggestions for law enforcement and gay plans for running the country. But when you see "Morning Glory," you will see a film whose message is of the spirit.

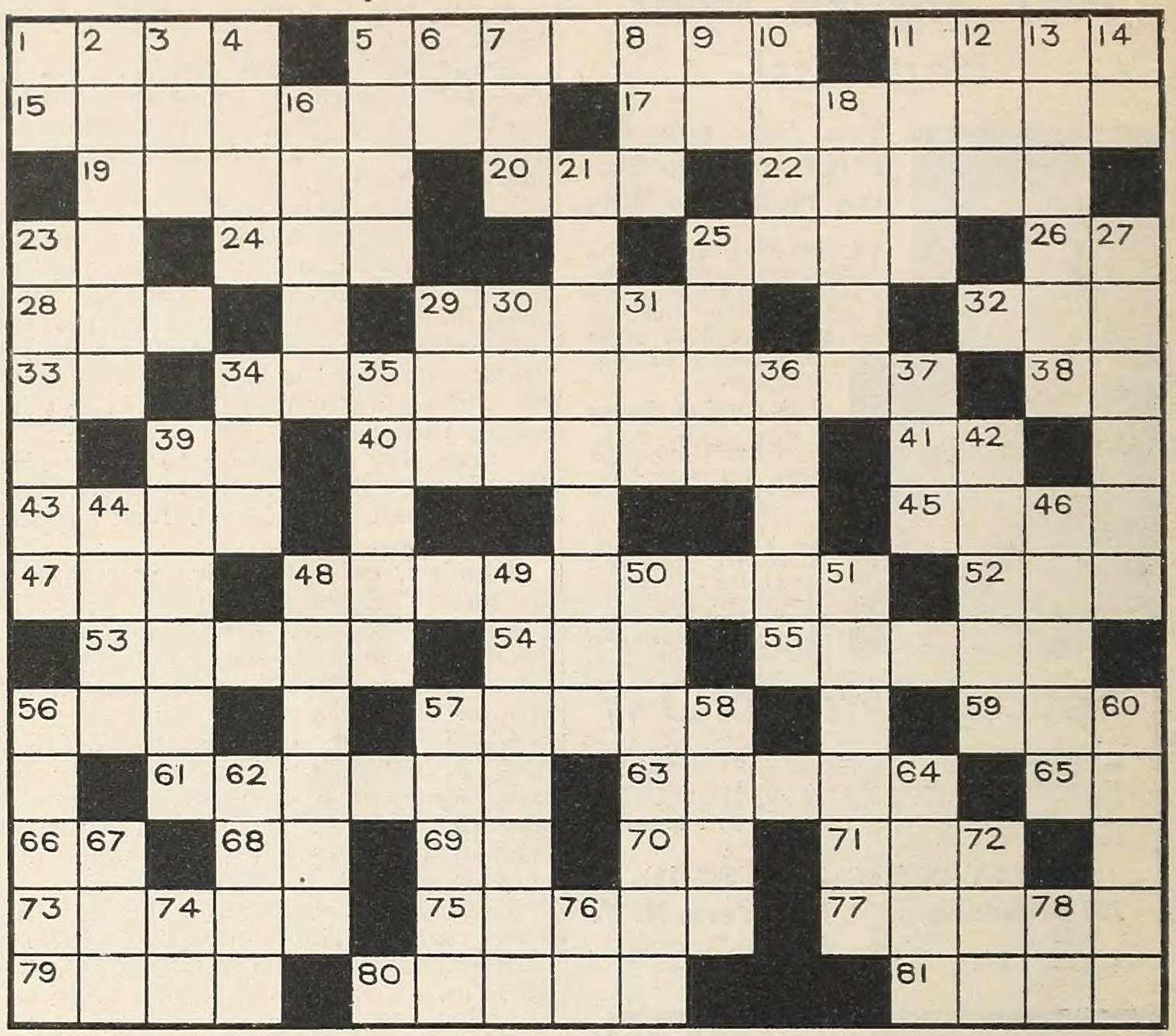
It has to do with the subtle, irresistible forces which govern your life and ours, and make us realize that everything else is wasting time. Katharine Hepburn gives a delightful performance, which will endear her to all of us. When you see the picture, you will feel the stirring within you of the idealistic youth that you were, and you will be very glad to meet him again.

Word from England informs us that Douglas Fairbanks will make a picture over there based on the life of Czar Peter, the 3rd. Meanwhile, Garbo is making *"Queen Christina,"* Marlene Dietrich is considering *"Catharine the Great"* of Russia and Charles Laughton has made *"Henry VIII."* It is easy to see how the adulation of the people brings to our great stars a kingly sense of superiority—royal moods become second nature. Let us then compliment Janet Gaynor, who actually reigns over millions of loyal fans, for the simplicity and charm of her characterizations of both highborn and ordinary folks. Particularly for "Paddy," whose brave little battle will be remembered after grander ladies are forgotten.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1 A special condition of affairs
5 Hollywood's amusing Italian comedian
11 Small cabins
15 "Tugboat Annie"
17 He was George Arliss' nephew in "The Working Man"
19 Aunt (Ger.)
20 Place
22 Immerse in water
23 She is now making "Bombshell" (initials)
24 Goddess of dawn
25 Communists
26 Southern state (abbr.)
28 Possessive pronoun
29 The little girl from "Wonderland"
32 Printer's measures
33 She was excellent in "Three Cornered Moon" (initials)
34 Act of making real
38 A preposition
39 A period of time (abbr.)
40 One who argues in support of a cause
41 Conjunction
43 Mary Pickford's first husband
45 The doctor in "Dinner at Eight"
47 By birth
48 Soon to be seen in "Little Women"
52 A conveyance
53 To decay
54 A Greek letter
55 He is usually in comedies with Florence Lake
56 Consumed
57 An ornamental chest or cabinet
59 Permit
61 The male star of "Another Language"
63 To defraud
65 Elder (abbr.)
66 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.)
68 To exist
69 Expression of delight
70 A well-known character actor (initials)
71 To strike sharply
73 The director of Roxy Symphony Orchestra
75 A first appearance in society
77 She was charming in "Reunion in Vienna"
79 Gentle
80 Instruments demonstrating the laws of rotation
81 A long narrow groove

DOWN

1 She appeared in "Parachute Jumper" (initials)
2 She has deserted the screen for the stage
3 The ocean
4 A slave
5 Beverages
6 Regarding (abbr.)
7 The missus (abbr.)
8 Make lace
9 Thallium (abbr.)
10 An ecclesiastic devoted to literature
11 What the stars expect their films to be
12 An expression of disgust
13 ZaSu's partner in her many laugh-provoking films
14 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
16 The "master" in "The Big Brain"
18 The medium through which we hear our great stars
21 A charming English actress
23 His real name is Asa Yoelson
25 A network
27 He will appear with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"
29 The whole
30 A prevarication
31 An ill bred fellow
34 Hurried
35 To discourage by fear
36 She is playing in "Ann Vickers"
37 Nothing
39 More profound
42 Placed at a focus
44 She who "done him wrong"
46 Merchandise
48 The amusing old fellow of "Gold Diggers"
49 She's in "Berkeley Square"
50 Hoarse
51 The Little Giant
56 Watchful
57 The movies have won her from the stage
58 A demonstrative pronoun
60 To give a gratuitous entertainment
62 Comply with orders
64 Members of an Indo-China tribe
67 The bleating of a sheep
72 Chum
74 An addition to a letter after the signature (abbr.)
76 Where you buy your movie tickets (abbr.)
78 A word of denial

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

S	T	A	N	W	Y	C	K	■	M	O	N	O	G	R	A	M
H	O	W	A	R	D	■	■	R	■	■	C	L	A	I	R	E
E	R	E	■	A	■	A	L	O	S	A	■	G	■	O	B	I
A	R	S	■	Y	■	M	A	B	E	L	■	A	■	T	U	G
R	E	■	A	■	R	E	D	E	E	M	S	■	T	■	C	H
E	N	I	D	■	I	S	■	S	■	A	T	■	I	L	K	A
R	C	■	S	E	T	■	L	O	N	■	A	B	E	■	L	N
■	E	D	■	V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	O	■	B	E	■
F	■	A	R	A	■	A	D	■	G	L	■	L	E	E	■	D
R	■	N	■	N	U	N	■	J	■	I	R	E	■	N	■	U
A	M	I	S	S	■	D	■	E	■	A	■	S	A	N	E	R
N	■	E	A	■	R	I	C	A	R	D	O	■	I	E	■	A
C	O	L	M	A	N	■	■	N	■	■	M	I	L	T	O	N
E	N	S	■	L	■	B	U	N	N	Y	■	T	■	T	A	T
S	E	■	P	L	A	Y	■	E	■	R	E	S	T	■	F	E

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN
Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•



What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).



HEXIN, INC.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago S-S-5113

Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN *today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy* HEXIN *in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but* HEXIN. *Nothing else is "just as good".*

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO



● CONCENTRATION is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."



●ABOVE—SHEPARD BARCLAY, who in two months won twenty tournaments with twenty brand-new partners, smokes steadily while playing.

● LEFT—WHETHER YOU smoke while you play bridge or play bridge while you smoke ...change to Camels—for more pleasure, for the sake of your nerves—and your bridge!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

SHEPARD BARCLAY says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge...but it takes *real* concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves . . . they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00 ...but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.



Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE